TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIV.
1416.

BIGGEST SPOOFER IN RELIGION SEE PAGES 18 and 19

JOHN BULL

"Quality Counts!"
Generation after Generation
prefers
BIRD'S
CUSTARD
BIRD'S OF BIRMINGHAM, MAKERS OF PURE CUSTARD.

WATSON of LEEDS

WANTS

5,000 CLUB ORGANISERS

Make Big Profits! Simply show my superb Catalogues and realise how easy it is to become a successful WATSON-CLUB AGENT. No outlay. No expense. No Paper Prices. Huge selection of Guaranteed Goods. Marvellous Value. HIGHEST COMMISSION! Every possible help and support. Reliable delivery. Write for SUPER CHRISTMAS AND BARGAIN CLUB CATALOGUES TO-DAY to :—

G. A. WATSON,
137, Albion St., LEEDS.

BECOME A CLUB AGENT & ADD TO YOUR INCOME

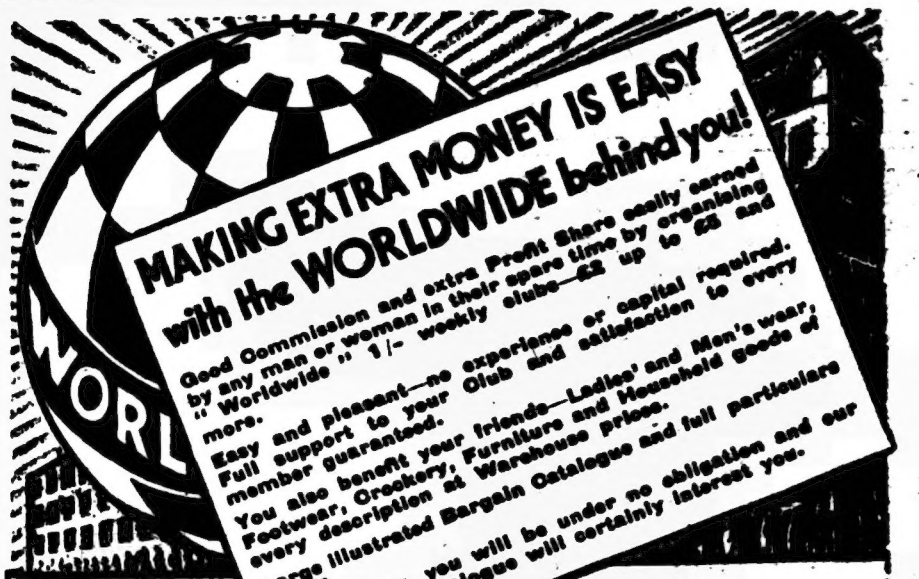
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS BY LEADING FIRMS OF XMAS & ALL YEAR CLUBS

EVERY OFFER INVESTIGATED BY JOHN BULL

This year will be a MAGNET CLUB YEAR!

Hundreds have already joined as agents owing to the wonderful value we are offering. Ours is a catalogue that is different, with bargains in Choco., Toffee, Novelties, Wearing Apparel, Fancy goods, Cigs., etc. Big Commissions easily earned. Write now for full particulars to :

Magnet Confectionery Co., Ltd.
185, Corn Exchange Buildings, Manchester, 4.



MAKING EXTRA MONEY IS EASY with the WORLDWIDE behind you!

Good Commission and extra Profit Share easily earned by any man or women in their spare time by organising "Worldwide" 1/- weekly clubs—£2 up to £5 and more.

Easy and pleasant—no experience or capital required. Full support to your Club and satisfaction to every member guaranteed.

You also benefit your friends—Ladies' and Men's wear, Footwear, Crockery, Furniture and Household goods of every description at Warehouse prices.

Large illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars FREE.

Send to-day, you will be under no obligation and our booklet and catalogue will certainly interest you.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Send in unsealed envelope—½d. stamp only required.

To WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, CHARLES STREET, MANCHESTER, 1.

Please send me, free and without obligation, your Bargain Catalogue and booklet "Opportunity" which tells me how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name..M.....
(Mr. Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

J.B.17 .....

(Branch of J. D. Williams & Co. Ltd. of Manchester—the Great Mail Order House—established 1875.)

I make £3-£5 a week

—and all the year round!

LET ME TELL YOU HOW I DO IT

Like you, I wanted a job which would bring me in a pound or two extra every week—something to take up in spare time, and one day I spotted the advertisement of Sealon Tea Co., calling for agents. . . The whole thing seemed so attractive that I started soon after getting the FREE particulars. Well do I remember my first day's work. I wasn't cut out for selling anything, but here I had something good to offer—honest value in teas. Everybody wants that! Soon my spare time work took up the whole of the day and since then I have never looked back. My regular weekly earnings are now assured.

Now just you think. Everybody drinks tea and every housewife, too, wants to save money. Once you gain a customer you have a regular order week by week. For the smallest possible outlay you can start a business of your own! You canvass where you like, you work when you like, and you're making good money all the time.

Do as many others have already done and get into the money-making tea business—there's big scope everywhere. The work is congenial, you have every support, and the famous Sealon Teas have the reputation of being the teas that GIVE REAL SATISFACTION.

Free Outfit to all Agents, including stocks case value 5/6.

We supply you with good class printed matter (in colour) with your name, and tea bags with your own name, if desired.

Here is your chance of a Lifetime!

Follow the example of thousands who are already doing remarkably well in this pleasant well-paid occupation. There's room for you—NOW! You can start right away by merely sending a postcard for all details, which are gratis and post free. Write NOW to

THE SEALON TEA CO., (DEPT. J.B.),
72, MILTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.

You can do the same!

£5 to £25 CHRISTMAS CLUB CAN BE EARNED IN YOUR SPARE-TIME

NO OUTLAY! NO RISK! NO WORRY!

No special skill needed. Use those spare half-hours to introduce our wonderful new Christmas Gift Catalogue to your friends and workmates. We pay you the Highest Possible Commission consistent with first-quality, value-for-money goods. Hundreds of lovely gifts at bargain prices in our sumptuously-illustrated Catalogue—every variety of Christmas Gift—"Something for everybody." Satisfaction backed by Guarantee.

Organiser's Complete Outfit, Instruction Booklet, and Entry Form for our unique £350 Free Competition sent free.

Send for yours NOW!

£350 FREE COMPETITION

No entrance fee! No irksome rules or restrictions! An interesting and amusing competition in which everyone stands an equal chance of winning the handsome 1st Prize of £100 Cash. To qualify simply introduce our wonderful new Christmas Gift Catalogue to your friends and workmates. Tremendous range of first-quality, value-for-money goods. Fair, honest commission for your spare-time efforts.

1st Prize £100 Cash, 2nd Prize £50 Cash, 3rd Prize £25 Cash and 700 consolation prizes.

A golden opportunity for YOU to win a bumper prize, and IN ADDITION to make £5 to £25 in spare-time by forming a Club amongst your friends and workmates.

LITTLEWOOD'S XMAS CLUB, 34 PALL MALL, LIVERPOOL·3

LITTLEWOOD'S XMAS CLUB

I wish to form a Littlewood Christmas Club amongst my friends. Please send me your Illustrated Gift Catalogue, Organiser's Complete Outfit, and my Entry Form for your great £350 Free Competition.

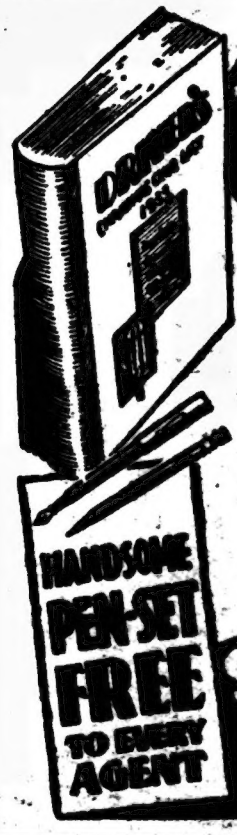
NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss. Write in Block Capitals).

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

J.B./X. 2. Send under ½d. stamp.



HANDSOME PEN-SET FREE TO EVERY AGENT

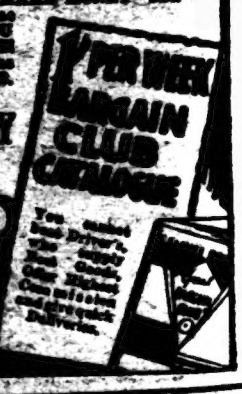
THIS IS THE CATALOGUE THAT WILL MAKE BIGGER PROFITS FOR YOU!

IT'S EASY TO EARN BIG MONEY

If you become an Agent for Samuel Driver, because it's the Catalogue that gets the orders and SAMUEL DRIVER'S CATALOGUES are irresistible. Over 300 pages packed with beautiful coloured Illustrations of the Greatest Xmas Novelties and Bargains ever offered in the press. The best brands of CHOCOLATES, CRACKERS, etc., besides a marvellous choice of NOVELTIES, TOYS, HOUSEHOLD GOODS, FANCY GOODS, etc. Every time you show Driver's Catalogues you obtain a New Member for your Club. It's the easiest money you ever earned. DRIVER'S PAY THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE COMMISSION. Remember, too, that DRIVER'S are the oldest, best and most reliable Club Organisers in the Kingdom. Their wide and varied experience in backing up their Agents is a valuable asset. You simply CAN'T HELP BUT MAKE MONEY—BIG MONEY! EASY MONEY!! If you become an Agent for Samuel Driver's, YOU OBTAIN A HANDSOME PEN SET FREE by simply sending a postcard for the GIANT ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Don't delay. Don't hesitate!

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUES TO-DAY

SAMUEL DRIVER LTD BURTON RD · LEEDS
ALSO AT LONDON BRADFORD SHEFFIELD HULL & BIRMINGHAM



Members of N.A.S.C.C.

MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.

offers the HIGHEST COMMISSION in the Trade in addition to BIG CASH PRIZE SCHEME

A FREE GIFT TO EVERY AGENT

and a Commission of **5/-** in the £ on many CADBURY'S, FRY'S and ROWNTREE'S LINES

A postcard will bring FULL SELLING OUTFIT FREE, including WONDERFUL ART CATALOGUE, details of our FREE WIRELESS OFFER and OUR FREE GIFT

WRITE TO-DAY TO

MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY CO. (Dept. 43B), SHIPLEY, YORKS.

● EATONIAN XMAS CLUB ●

Again offers you the finest 200 page art catalogue, over 700 lines. Best possible commission. Free gifts every agent. Every article sold under guarantee. Huge cash prizes. No outlay.

● EATON & CO., (LEEDS) LTD., DEPT. 4, LOWER WORTLEY, LEEDS. ●

EASY SOLID CASH! IN YOUR SPARE TIME!!

All profitable goods. British Made and fully guaranteed to give every satisfaction. The ORIGINAL TATE'S XMAS CLUB starts each season with FACTORY-FRESH GOODS. Chocolates, Toys, Cutlery, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods, etc. Cash prizes and Highest Commission for all Agents. WRITE NOW for full details of this easy spare-time way to earn big money.

WRITE NOW FOR FREE CATALOGUE Lavishly Illustrated

ORIGINAL TATE'S XMAS CLUB, Dept. B.L., FOUNDRY STREET, LEEDS.

CLUB AGENTS!!!

We still have vacancies for 5,000 LIVE Agents. Largest selection of leading makes in the trade. Highest commission, write NOW for our illustrated catalogue and complete outfit, free and post free. No outlay.

WALKER & HANNAM, LTD.
DEPT. "Y," : BRADFORD : YORKS

ALL FOR YOU

Be a "Hoffbrand" Agent this year and EASILY make MORE MONEY. Biggest Commission and Bonuses for you. Biggest Value for your customers and GUARANTEED SATISFACTION FOR ALL. Compare our Catalogues and Terms.

USEFUL FREE GIFT NOW! VALUABLE XMAS GIFT TO EVERY AGENT BIG PRIZES & BONUSES HIGHEST CASH COMMISSION

WRITE FOR SUPER CATALOGUE & FREE GIFT NOW To— **HOFFBRANDS**

Dept. J.B., The Gift House, BRADFORD

XMAS AGENTS—

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Because we only accept a limited Number of New Agents every year

WE CAN GENUINELY GUARANTEE

PROMPT DELIVERIES, PERFECT SERVICE, PERFECT GOODS AND INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.

ONLY A FEW VACANCIES LEFT

Send p.c. TO-DAY for Catalogue and particulars. OUR TERMS HAVE NEVER BEEN EQUALLED. Highest Cash Commission on all Standard Lines. Choice of magnificent Free Gifts every Agent. Cash and other Prizes in unique Free Contest; 2/6 Cash Voucher FREE with every outfit.

SANDERS' "COUNTY" CLUB, 25, BERTRAM ROAD, BRADFORD

£2 STOCK *Given* FREE

START YOUR OWN BUSINESS—DOUBLE YOUR IN-COME! STOCK GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE. NO CAPITAL REQUIRED! No experience necessary. YOU can earn a substantial income regularly each week. Our Offer of FREE STOCK GUARANTEES SUCCESS!

Write Dept. J.B. 58, Sarter Mfg. Co., Derby Street, MANCHESTER.

POST THIS ADVERT TO-DAY FOR FULL PARTICULARS

BECOME A CLUB AGENT & ADD TO YOUR INCOME

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS BY LEADING FIRMS OF XMAS & ALL YEAR CLUBS

EVERY OFFER INVESTIGATED BY JOHN BULL

TAKE UP BRITAIN'S GREATEST AND MOST PROFITABLE SALES PLAN AND MAKE MONEY EASILY.

YES! It is absolutely your Golden Opportunity to take part in developing the most unique scheme ever devised—the chance you have long wanted to find, WITHOUT RISKING ONE PENNY OF YOUR OWN MONEY. NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO: Introduce to your friends and workmates the Amprico Plan, which supersedes the ordinary Club Business. It consists of purchase on credit of our celebrated sixpenny trade exchange coupons which have a double value:—

(1) TO WIN CASH! (2) TO EXCHANGE

—for a wonderful range of goods shown in our magnificently illustrated catalogue containing Britain's best and biggest value in Clothing, Footwear, Bedding, General Drapery, Jewellery, Fancy Goods, Toys, Sports Goods, etc., etc.

YOU WILL FIND: You will find that your Friends will clamour for our coupons, as the values we are able to offer as Wholesalers are outstanding and every member of the family is catered for. Your Customers can have as many coupons weekly as they wish.

WHAT YOU GET FOR DOING IT: Your own earnings are assured in the form of liberal commission and bonuses, which you deduct from your weekly Returns to us, thereby reaping an immediate benefit for your efforts. Our terms are the most generous ever offered to salesmen. Be fair to yourself and your family and make certain of their comfort and happiness from now on by becoming an Amprico Distributor.

THIS IS YOUR GREAT OPPORTUNITY

DON'T DELAY! AS ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF AGENTS WILL BE APPOINTED IN EACH DISTRICT — THEREBY GIVING YOU A BIG FIELD!

A Few District Representatives also required. Send particulars of Qualifications and experience in sealed envelope.

Address your enquiry to:—The Managing Director, Ambler, Price & Cole, Ltd., Wholesale Warehousemen, Amprico House, Acton Lane, London, N.W.10.

Fill in the Coupon below NOW and by return you will receive full particulars of our money-making offer!

COUPON

Without obligation please tell me in detail how I can make money the "Amprico" way.

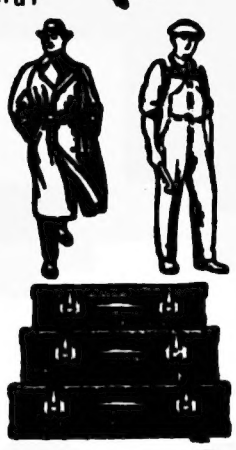
NAME .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)
ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)
.....
.....

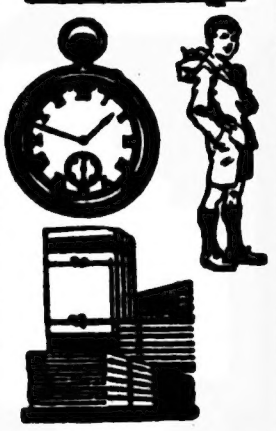
Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp). J.B.
If not sufficient room for your name and address, please use plain notepaper.

Amazing offer to Readers

CASH and GOODS
NO WORRY · NO OUTLAY

A Few Illustrations from Our Catalogue.





This is the most wonderful Offer ever put before the public. **YOU CAN MAKE BIG MONEY** by offering our **6d. FOOTBALL CLUB CARDS** to your friends. They cannot lose, because if they don't win cash, our Cards can be exchanged for full value in Goods as shown in our Catalogue.

★ Every Agent paid **LIBERAL COMMISSION**, and we **PAY YOUR POSTAGES. SPECIAL BONUSES TO AGENTS. WE GUARANTEE** our goods to give full satisfaction. Hundreds of different lines for home and family. We supply only the best—Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Household and Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks, Sports, Games, Toys, Radio, etc. Experience not necessary.

★ It costs you nothing and you must make money. Send to-day for our beautiful illustrated Catalogue and Agents and Sportman's Guide. Fill in this coupon and post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp, to:—

JOHN MASSEY & SONS, LTD.,
Claremont Works,
Wealdstone, Middlesex.

COUPON.

To JOHN MASSEY & SONS, LTD., Claremont Works, Wealdstone, Mddx.

Please send me particulars.

NAME IN FULL.....
Block Letters
.....
ADDRESS IN FULL.....
Block Letters
.....
.....

J.B.

These Harsh Sentences on Young Offenders

Plain Speaking by a Bishop

A Real Road Knight

Parliament too seldom frowns on the harsh treatment of young offenders

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

THE case of the Glasgow lads who were jailed for playing football in the street had at least one good effect. It drew Parliament's attention to a scandal constantly exposed in JOHN BULL—the harsh treatment of young offenders.

It caused such a shindy, in fact, that the Secretary for Scotland decided to review the sentences, after which he ordered five of the boys to be released forthwith.

Now, we don't believe that Sir Godfrey Collins was intimidated by the row in Parliament, for he remitted the sentences only after he consulted the Law Officers of the Crown.

But it is plain that he and the Law Officers decided that the sentences were excessive and harsh and therefore could not be allowed to stand.

Justice—after a fuss

It is equally plain that those lads would not have obtained justice but for the shindy at Westminster.

Unfortunately, Big Ben doesn't get angry often enough.

We have criticised scores of sentences passed on young people for petty offences—sentences that were obviously unjust. But because they did not happen to cause a Parliamentary row they had to be served by the unfortunate offenders.

Mockery

We do not believe that young people should be allowed to do as they please. We agree that they should be punished when necessary.

But we do say that to treat a lad who plays football in the street or steals an apple as a dangerous criminal who must be locked up—perhaps for years—is a mockery of British justice.

Worse than birching

That brings us to another Parliamentary episode of last week—Lord Kinnoull's protest against the birching of young offenders.

He said he had been birched himself at school and probably deserved it, but that was a very different thing from being birched by order of a magistrate.

We think this is sound common sense. We think far too many children are birched by strong-armed policemen—with all the attendant humiliation—just for stealing a few sweets or apples.

But we are afraid that if some magistrates were deprived of their power to order a birching they might instead clap the child into a "reformatory" for many years.

Infamous sentences

Those are not idle fears. We have dealt with too many villainies of the sort.

We know how harsh sentences for petty offences have ruined the lives of promising youths and girls.

And because we know how common are these disgraceful sentences, we think the whole subject of child punishment should be reviewed afresh.

A brutal vicar

And just as we can well do without the magistrates who impose such penalties, so we can do without parsons like the Rev. C. Harold Tye, of Birmingham.

An eleven-year-old child who wanted to become a Boy Scout was taken by him to the Scouts' hut. There he was made to take off his clothes and was soundly thrashed.

Long memory

Why? Because he had broken a school window two years before!

When he was fined £2 for the assault, the vicar pleaded that the thrashing he administered was "a prelude to work in the Scouts."

He doesn't seem to know very much about the Boy Scout movement. And we don't want to know much more about the Rev. C. Harold Tye.

Blow for the Church

No doubt we shall hear more of the "tithe war." The farmers' victory in the Law Courts will do nothing to heal the breach between the Land and the Church.

Frankly, we have every sympathy for the Church in its present difficulties. But we cannot find any real argument against the tithe-payers' case which was recently published in JOHN BULL.

The Government has decided against amending the tithe laws. The Government should think again.

Unfair

Under those laws, farmers are having to hand over to the Church money they need to buy seed and implements for their farms and clothing for their children.

They may be Nonconformists or Roman Catholics—they must still pay this tax for the Anglican Church.

That system cannot be justified. But surely the Church's finances could be arranged on a more modern basis?

Bishop's bold words

Another bad system—often attacked by us—was mentioned by the Bishop of Rochester in his Wilberforce Centenary sermon.

He read a piteous letter from a woman who is shortly to be separated from her husband and family. You see, the man's unemployment pay was being stopped and he and his family compelled to go into a poor law institution.

And that is in the very parish where Wilberforce made up his mind to wage war against the slave trade.

"Slavery is not yet abolished," commented the Bishop of Rochester. We should like to see that criticism framed in every Whitehall office.

Going up!

But here, by way of a change, is a little good news.

Government expenditure is falling while the revenue from nearly every source except income-tax is increasing. And, by the autumn, the question of our debt to the U.S.A. will have been settled.

So a reduction in the income-tax rates will almost certainly be made in the next Budget. Mr. Chamberlain's recent remarks show that he is aiming at it.

Back to 1914

For really bad news, we pass to the report that France is to sign a military alliance with Russia.

That concerns everyone of us, for it is another proof that Europe is slipping back to the tension and fears of 1914. General Spears does not exaggerate the dangers in his article, "August 4—Then and Now"—which appears on another page.

Well, Britain must at least keep clear of European entanglements.

Beyond the bounds

When a Blackpool girl left the registry office after her marriage she went straight into a glass case to fast instead of to her wedding feast.

Isn't it time the Blackpool police stopped this crazy and disgusting business? It's bad enough where men are concerned, but this instance is still more disgraceful.

Nudists' frolic

Even worse was the business of the three young men who strolled unclothed along a favourite walk near Rothesay, Scotland.

The women they passed rebuked them, but we prefer the action of the women they later encountered who attacked them with umbrellas and drove them through a barbed wire fence.

A similar incident is reported from another Scottish town, where men are said to bathe regularly without costumes, to the annoyance of parents. That, too, should provide work for the police.

The best policy

A poor Bristol girl found a purse in the street. It contained £26, two sweepstake tickets, and the address of the owner.

So she went to the address. The owner admitted the loss, took the purse—and slammed the door in the girl's face.

We know that honesty is the best policy, but it seems to be a remarkably badly paid one, if we can judge from this and a long list of similar incidents.

Fatal remorse

The saddest story of the week was that of the woman who poisoned herself a few hours after she had been divorced.

Rushed to hospital, she cried repeatedly for her ex-husband, a Bolton policeman, and died soon after he had left the bedside.

A good many young wives could learn a lesson from that tragedy.

Real road sense

Now, for pleasant contrast, let us talk of a life that was saved.

Seeing a car rushing down a steep hill at Barry with a fainting woman at the back, a man jumped on and, although at the side away from the controls, managed to stop it when it was on the very edge of a deep quarry.

Then, refusing to divulge anything more than that he was a commercial traveller, he drove away—let us hope to land an order that would get him a directorship.

Robert lends a hand

We congratulate, too, the young Reading boy, Frederick Snarey, who saved his little friend from drowning though he had learned to swim only a month ago.

The police ambulance took them home to the house where they both live. Finding no one at home, a policeman put them to bed.

We hope Lord Trenchard doesn't get to hear about it.

To him that hath—

We see that Mr. A. B. Clutterbuck, treasurer to Gloucester Corporation, is retiring. He's lucky.

His salary was £1,092 a year, and he was entitled to only a nominal pension. But the corporation has made the pension £14 a week.

When the city's trams were scrapped, the old drivers—after a lot of fuss—were generously allowed to qualify for a small pension by sweeping the roads, but the younger men were thrown on the "dole."

Sharp practice

For another example of "wise saving," consider the case of two men who were dismissed from the Army Medical Store, Woolwich, to make room for soldiers.

They had been employed since 1920, and according to law were entitled to a gratuity of one week's pay for every year of service, providing they were dismissed for reasons of economy.

The gratuity would amount to £25—a small but useful sum for an unemployed man.

Evading the law

But the War Office and the Treasury flatly refuse to pay up.

They say that a few years ago they altere the conditions of the men's employment, though the men were not informed of the change.

Only the War Office and the Treasury could think of an excuse like that.

Why pity the judges?

So we are not sorry that the fuss about the judges' salary cuts is still going on, for it does at least make the Government remember its broken contracts.

But we consider the reductions suffered by teachers and others are more serious, and we hope to see those restored first.

The West Sussex County Council has just increased its employees' wages to their old level. Other local bodies are doing likewise. How much longer will the Government lag behind?

Dignity or comfort?

The mention of judges reminds us that one day last week, when the temperature was soaring above eighty, Mr. Justice Langton took off his wig and allowed counsel to do the same.

And on the same day Mr. Justice Bennett said to a lawyer who appeared in a white waistcoat, "I can't hear you and I can't see you."

Now, what would happen if a lawyer took off his wig in Mr. Justice Bennett's court?

It was and was not

The ratepayers of St. Marylebone, London, should have something to say to their local council.

A frail old lady, an inmate of the poorhouse there, summoned one of the attendants for assault. Her arm was badly bruised, but the magistrate dismissed the charge for want of evidence.

Then he said something very strange. He hoped there was no truth in the matter, that his remarks would bear fruit, and that there would be no *repetition* of the affair.

He was right; we have heard too many such cases from our poor law institutions.

No connection

In our issue of July 22 we published an article, "Famous Countess Cruelly Exploited," in which we told how the names of distinguished people were being misused by a concern called "The Anti-Gambling Movement."

We have been asked by the Hon. Charles Barnewall, who was described in the "Movement's" propaganda as one of its organisers, to make it quite clear that his name was similarly misused and that he has no connection whatever with the concern. We willingly do so.

A General's Grave Warning to Young Men

"There is the same tramping of armed men as there was in 1914. . . . It is our duty to shout our warning before it is too late"

AUG. 4 —THEN and NOW

by **Brigadier-General E. L. SPEARS, M.P.**

ON August 4 nineteen years ago, Great Britain declared war on Germany.

I was in Paris, having been attached to the French War Office since the middle of July, and that day for the first time I put on my uniform, which was curiously stared at by the Parisians. The idea that you could wear a collar and tie, and yet be in uniform, dumbfounded them.

The next day, August 5, I started for French General Headquarters, and was thus the first British soldier in the field.

For days I had been watching the nations drifting into war. Helplessly caught in a current over which they had no control, propelled by forces which drew their strength from the past, armed to the teeth, but with Fear at the helm, they swirled towards each other like canoes in a cataract.

There were many in high places who worked desperately to avert the disaster; nor did the ordinary men and women want war; for what sane man wishes to be killed and to leave those he loves to fend for themselves in a cold, hard world? What woman wishes to send her husband, son or brother to battle? They were all peaceful enough until the die was cast and the war fever was upon them.

It is strange that a few criminal lunatics in Central Europe were capable of setting all those peaceful millions at each other's throats; but they could not have done so if the stage had not been set; if Germany had not been drilled into considering that military glory was the highest form of national expression, schooled into hiding natural protective instincts behind the bombast of militarism; if Austria had not been so lacking in liberty as to be a helpless tool in the hands of her masters; if France had not spent nearly half a century in fear of a renewed invasion.

In those days I was young and I was a soldier. I thought war was an evil thing that should be avoided because it caused sorrow.

These were feelings piously expressed as one recites a prayer when under no particular strain. I thought and said these things because I believed they were the right things to say and feel, but secretly, as the man at prayer may be tempted by the sin of curiosity I was full of anticipation at the thought of the great adventure, the great opportunity.

Then came the war in real, grim earnest. Fighting had not lasted a week before I was faint and sick with the horror of it, yet, together with a few millions more, I had to stick it for four dreadful years.

Into that furnace generations of men marched ceaselessly to their doom. The young men fought, then came the old men, then the boys. They all fought bravely, for men are brave.

A sacred duty

OUR men, having gone to war for the sake of supremacy and glory, fought on grimly for the honour of their land; the French fought desperately to throw off the hereditary foe who held in his merciless iron grip their fairest provinces; whilst our men went to their deaths trusting that by sacrificing their own lives they might save their sons and their sons' sons from the horror they were themselves enduring.

They died in the hope that they were fighting in a war to end war.

It seems to me that, quite apart from common-sense, which bids us shun war, we owe a sacred duty to those men to work for peace, especially those of us who were their contemporaries, who knew but have survived them, who saw what they went through.

But what of the new generations that are gradually swarming over the scene which we once occupied?

We are fewer in numbers than we were, we are receding towards the wings where the prompter stands. Like prompters, we can call out, try to avoid a breakdown in the play the younger ones are enacting; but will they heed?

Not so much here as in other lands, youth is intolerant of the war generation. They say—and who can blame them?—that those who waged a disastrous war and made such a poor showing when it came to repairing the damage done are hardly in a position to advise.

So the young ones, who from the time of Moses onwards have thought middle-age tiresome and prosy, to-day look upon their elders with even more than usual contempt.

Youth considers it is peaceful and progressive. But we, who lived and worked in pre-war days, did we not love the arts of peace and excel in them? Did we not also attend conferences, the object of which was to deprive war of its sting? Did we not believe we could replace force by arbitration?

When we strutted about the stage, occupying the principal rôles, did we not feel pity for those who had gone before, for the helpless nations who had fallen upon each other at the bidding of absolute monarchs? We lived, we told ourselves, in better times when the people had a say in such matters, when they were masters of their own destinies, when trade, commerce and labour, which can only prosper in peace, would see to it that the militarist and the Jingo were kept in their places.

True, there was the tramp of regiments drilling in Europe, and on the seas navies competed in armaments and strength; but these were mere precautions a necessary, if tiresome and expensive, insurance.

Yet war came . . .

THE man in the street, the merchant in his office, jeered at the idea that the world would be so mad as to destroy the edifice so laboriously built up. It was a preposterous idea, besides which it was impossible. You could not fight in a Europe grown into a vast suburb; you could not feed or supply modern armies at war, not for more than a few weeks, anyway.

There might be a clap of thunder, but it would soon be over.

And the leaders of the proletariat thundered from international platforms their faith in the brotherhood of man and the solidarity of the workers. The French factory hand swore by the German Socialist leaders, and the German workers cheered the delegates of their French brothers.

Yet the war came The storm grew out of a sky that was clearer than the one we live under to-day.

Humanity as a whole is not unlike any one of the myriads of human beings which compose it.

It is not difficult to observe how individuals are apt to succumb time and again to the same temptation. They fall, they have a severe lesson, and swear that never again will they be caught in the same way. Yet somehow temptation, stalking under a different guise, approaches, and, failing to recognise it, they are caught once more.

The gambler perceives at last a really sure thing from which the element of chance is practically eliminated, and once more stakes his all to re-establish his fortunes; the woman whose heart has betrayed her many times before meets the one true and faithful one, and is again deceived.

As it is with individuals, so it is with nations. One generation does not avoid the pitfalls into which its predecessors fell, and each new generation, being young, turns a deaf ear to the warnings of its elders.

To-day the young pay lip-service to peace, but they do not know war nor can we describe it to them. To-day, as yesterday, the masses are not bellicose. To-day, as yesterday, wise men confer about how arbitration is to replace force and warlike weapons are to be regulated. The nations ally themselves to ensure peace now, as they did before 1914.

While we may—

GENEVA has replaced The Hague. Dictators have ousted democracies as these ousted absolute monarchs. The wheel is going round, but have men changed?

There is the same tramping of armed men as there was in 1914, and they tramp in the same lands, and to us who remember comes the conviction that the more things change, the more they are the same.

The helpless, voiceless ghosts of the war may be crying out to the people of to-day to be on their guard, to remember, but who cares? Only we who were their companions.

It is our duty to shout our warning before it is too late, not to be silenced until we, too, join them and are silent for ever.

Then it will not be in our power to shield our sons.

Let us do it whilst we may.

SECRET MASTERS

BLACKMAIL! An ugly word for an ugly thing. Judges and magistrates have never ceased to denounce this crime in the strongest terms, and they have shown the utmost severity when dealing with proven offenders. Yet blackmail in its worst forms remains unchecked.

The truth is that those cases which are pursued to a conclusion in the courts represent a small minority; nor are they the worst examples of what was once described by a high authority as being "morally indistinguishable from murder."

A few lesser lights are brought to book and rightly pay a heavy price for their crimes, but the practised hands, the real masters, flourish in secret and bring victim after victim to ruin with little fear of arrest.

The very nature of their crime gives them a sort of guarantee of immunity, for they bank upon the known reluctance of victims to face the publicity that a prosecution would inevitably entail.

There is in London to-day a gang of secret masters of "hush-money" which has specialised in various forms of blackmail for years without ever having been brought to book.

About a score of men and women are in this gang.

Their exploits have earned them the nickname of the "Shaftesbury Gang."

And, until recently, there was "Mad Barney," possibly the most polished and persistent of them all.

"Mad Barney" might have been with them still but for a certain restless energy which will not allow him to remain idle, and which has prompted him to break away from the gang from time to time and play a lone hand.

He is now in jail for a comparatively minor offence.

And the irony is doubled by the fact that, though he has successfully defied the best brains at Scotland Yard for years, it was the provincial police who in this instance brought him to book.

The story of his downfall is interesting.

"Mad Barney"—he owes his nickname to his ruthless and fearless characteristics—decided not long ago to take a holiday in Devon.

Holiday exploit

Having been engaged in several fraudulent operations, "Mad Barney" thought it wise to disappear from his customary haunts, but he determined that his holiday should be made to pay for itself.

He struck up an acquaintanceship with a wealthy tourist in Devon and, learning that he had just returned from the West Indies, spoke eloquently of his own travels abroad. Being on holiday, "Mad Barney," or Bruce John Bernard, to give him the name he was then using, was not eager to tax his brain too severely.

He decided that his new acquaintance would fall easily enough for a variation of the confidence trick and as they got to know each other better he spoke airily of his big secret betting coups.

But even the hoary old confidence trick can take on a new magnificence in the hands of such a master as "Mad Barney."

In the most natural manner imaginable he talked of his influential Turf connections, and even had the impertinence to insinuate that Lord Derby, Lord Astor, Lord Lonsdale and Lord Glanely were numbered among the racing celebrities with whom he was on a friendly footing.

This, of course, was sheer bluff.

In this case he posed as a friend of H.H. the Aga Khan and of Michael Beary, the jockey.

He succeeded in persuading his dupe to entrust him with £3,000 to invest on the Turf, but he underestimated the other's shrewdness. His suspicions aroused, the man from the West Indies realised that he had been foolishly trusting, and spoke to the police.

Crime pioneer

The result was that Mr. Justice Goddard was able to sentence "Mad Barney" to his first real term of imprisonment.

Other members of the "Shaftesbury Gang" must be thanking their lucky stars that "Mad Barney" was working alone on this fatal occasion; and they are probably chuckling at the thought that he has come to grief in such a very simple way.

For they are rather contemptuous of confidence tricks and look upon them as something to fill in odd moments between more sinister business.

The offence for which "Mad Barney" has gone down pales into insignificance beside some of the exploits in which he and his associates have indulged.

He, with others, has blazed a criminal trail across the world, through Australia, South Africa, France, Germany, Belgium and America.

Every member of this gang is polished and well-educated; but for an inborn disinclination for honest work they might easily have excelled in the highest spheres.

But their operations are as sordid as they could be, and some are so nauseating that we cannot touch upon them here.

We can, however, give a number of examples to indicate their general methods.

One of their recent victims is a wealthy young society woman, whose friendship with a married man had led her into difficulties.

Woman victim

The man's wife had him watched, and, as a result, was contemplating divorce proceedings, citing the society woman as co-respondent.

By means of their own unique intelligence service the "Shaftesbury Gang" got to know details of this case well in advance. Knowing that the woman would be anxious to keep her indiscretion from her family at all costs they marked her down as promising prey.

Two members of the gang approached her in the guise of International Confidential Enquiry Agents, and promised to use their influence to see that all scandal was effectively stifled at the outset.

In her great distress the woman was only too ready to believe their story, and to pay the heavy "fees" that the bogus enquiry agents demanded.

Having gained her confidence in this way, the blackmailers then induced her to give them a statement of her part in the affair, which they pretended would be necessary for their negotiations.

Appeal to police

She thus played completely into their hands, and they then began to "put the screw on," and became more greedy in their demands.

Finally, when she had been bled very nearly to the full extent of her resources, this woman bravely decided to go to the police and tell

One Tragic Moment

"IT'S awful for Jim to have to lie still." Those are his mother's words, and if she doesn't know him, nobody does.

Jim has always been one of those restless, eager, vital boys to whom Nature has been more than generous with muscle and human electricity.

The fastest forward for his side was Jim. One of the best young fast bowlers in his district of Worcester, too, with a pace off the pitch that made you look out for your head.

And at school and in the street, wherever boys play, he was a leader always—as the lad with a little more of the vital force of virility will always be.

Yet all this was changed in one tragic moment. Jim has to lie still now.

* * *

Two boys rushed to field a ball and Jim was determined to be first. They met head-on in a crash. And when they picked up Jim, smiling bravely and trying not to cry, his leg was broken.

For the first time in his life he became a problem to his parents. Broken legs are expensive things to mend. And then they saw he was distressed at having to lie at the open window, with his leg in plaster, while other boys went romping by to the cricket-field.

If they could buy him a constructional toy for which he pined it would make him face that adversity more bravely, but such times as these are expensive enough in all conscience.

Then, suddenly, came a cheque that set Jim's mind at rest and made him smile again. There was a sum added to it that they didn't expect, called a "bonus."

* * *

All because, some months before, they had filled in a form similar to one you will find on page 34, which had made Jim one of the hundreds of thousands of children who are insured against such accidents as this.

There will be no chance for Jim to send down any more of his hot bowling this year, of course. But before the next football season is very old he will be there again, leading as before. He may even play for his county or his town at one game or the other, some day. Who knows?

Even if he becomes a second Larwood he will still keep as a memento that constructional toy, because it played such a big part in his recovery.

of 'Hush-Money'

them everything. This had the effect of silencing her persecutors, but, like so many victims in similar circumstances, she shrank from pursuing the matter any further.

Later, she discovered that one of her male acquaintances had also been victimised by the gang, who had led him to suppose that he would be involved in the pending divorce proceedings too if certain information in their possession "went astray."

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary exploits of this gang concerns a cruel trick it played upon a woman with romantic leanings.

One member of the gang contrived to make her acquaintance, and won her esteem by taking her about to various fashionable functions and entertaining her on a truly lavish scale.

Then, when the ground had been suitably prepared, the gangster confided that he enjoyed the friendship of a certain European prince who was shortly to visit London, and that he would be happy to introduce her to His Royal Highness, whom she would find a charming and delightful personage.

Bogus prince

The woman was thrilled immeasurably at the thought of this forthcoming introduction to royalty, and in due course another member of the "Shaftesbury Gang" appeared, exquisitely attired and wearing many glittering decorations, to be introduced as the "Prince."

Acquainted with the woman's weaknesses, this man swept her off her feet, and in the next week or so they went about constantly together.

The rosy dreams that this woman was weaving were cruelly shattered one morning by the arrival of two distinguished but severe-looking individuals in sombre morning attire.

Posing as diplomats, they informed her that there was danger of a grave scandal and she might find herself in a very difficult position if the facts became public.

This put the woman into something akin to panic, and, being very well off, she was only too pleased to be able to extricate herself from the threatening scandal, and paid the bogus diplomats their own price!

One of the worst victims of the "Shaftesbury Gang" is a man who, while still quite young, became rich overnight through the death of a relative.

After "locating" him, a member of the gang made his acquaintance in the lounge of a famous hotel in Piccadilly.

With lots of money to squander and infinite leisure the youth was delighted to make a friend who was at once a delightful companion and a travelled man of the world, who could introduce him to new pleasures.

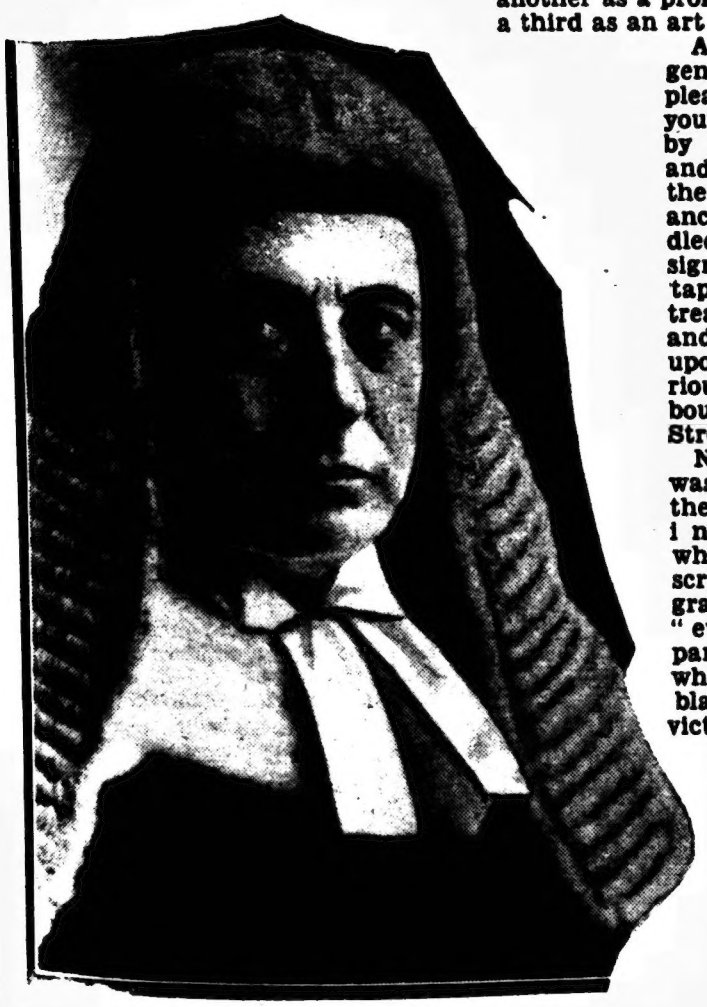
Youth's fling

The youth paid heavily for his initiation. There were endless champagne parties, graced by the presence of beautiful women, card games for high stakes and expensive visits to race meetings.

Gradually the victim was introduced to other members of the gang. One posed as a diamond merchant, another as a prominent stockbroker, a third as an art dealer.

As "friends" these gentry were only too pleased to let the young man "profit" by their experience and advice. Under their forceful guidance he was soon saddled with costly consignments of jewellery, tapestries, rugs, "art treasures," and shares, and was prevailed upon to set up a luxurious flat in the neighbourhood of St. James' Street.

Next a woman decoy was introduced, and the youth was trapped in circumstances which cannot be described here. Photographs and other "evidence" were prepared by the gang, who then ruthlessly blackmailed their victim.



Mr. Justice Goddard sent 'Mad Barney' to his first real term of imprisonment

H.H. the Aga Khan, whom 'Mad Barney' lyingly averred was his friend!

In the end he was driven to complain to the police, but though one of the blackmailers was taken into custody, the victim finally shirked the inevitable publicity, and chose not to proceed with the case.

Another interesting story can be told of a professional man who had become involved in a scandal with one of his women patients.

He was visited by one of the gang and told in very plain terms that unless he fell in with their wishes his indiscretions would be made public.

The blackmailers did not demand money outright, but suggested that he should invest in a certain company.

At first an investment of a few hundred pounds was intimated: then it was suggested that he should increase his holdings.

Realising that there could be no end to these subtle extortions, the man finally went and told his story to Scotland Yard.

When he had described his persecutor, he was shown certain photographs from the rogues' gallery, and was able to select one without hesitation.

"Gay life" lure

But the victim shrank from lodging a charge of attempted blackmail.

Many of the victims of this gang are visitors from America and the Colonies who, even if they wished to prosecute, could not possibly remain behind in London to do so.

One of the worst cases on Scotland Yard's records concerns the young son of wealthy South African parents, who came on holiday to London.

The "Shaftesbury Gang" descended upon him and introduced him to "the gay life" in their inimitable fashion.

Though they thus acquired most of his money, and two of their members were actually interrogated by detectives acting under Chief Constable Ashley, of Scotland Yard, no charge was ever proceeded with.

That is what the gang counts upon—the reluctance of victims to face publicity.

Within the past few months two very serious cases of blackmail have been reported to the police.

One concerns a professional man who has been preyed upon by another gang headed by two women and a man.

The siren

A "fake" birth certificate was used to enforce threats of "exposure" as the father of an illegitimate child, and he had paid over several sums of "hush-money" before he finally protested to the police.

Every effort was made to urge him to prosecute, particularly as one of the women involved was already known to the police, but, like so many others, he shirked the publicity.

There is one woman known to Scotland Yard who works alone and aims at luring wealthy business men into compromising positions. Though the real circumstances may be innocent, she threatens to make false accusations and usually contrives to make her victims pay.

Whenever possible, blackmailers seek out facts in a prospective victim's past, and in this they are often aided by disreputable enquiry agencies which undertake shady cases, and thus come in possession of information that is invaluable to such masters as the "Shaftesbury Gang."

No hope, unless . .

At present the official view is that only one victim in thirty is willing to face the ordeal of publicity, and in such cases police hands are hopelessly shackled.

Yet the real remedy lies with these victims themselves. Until they realise this and take the only step that blackmailers really fear, all the forces of law and order are literally powerless to help them.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to LORD DAWSON of PENN

The Real Problem to Solve

DEAR LORD DAWSON,—I was wondering, when I read your speech to the British Medical Association, the other day, where "Opinion" starts.

You dealt with the law relating to abortion and, after you had spoken, the B.M.A. followed the good old English practice of asking the Council to consider the matter and to report on the desirability of setting up a committee. I think that, by the time they have done all that, we shall all be dead.

Well, even asking a Council to consider the desirability of leaving it to somebody else is almost revolutionary when it concerns the subject of Birth, about which there is more shame, more secrecy and more fear than anything else in the world.

People are not ashamed to die. But heavens, how ashamed everybody gets when someone is going to be born!

Your speech, my lord, was called "outspoken," I see.

You said the community was *thinking* a lot on the subject now. That I do not seem to remember. I do not know that the community, just now, is thinking anything. If it had been doing any thinking in the last few years, we might not all be in the terrible mess we are to-day, with the world crumbling about our ears, with Plenty on the far-away farms and Hunger in the near-by houses.

* * *

Still, as you went on to say that you did not think this *thinking* had proceeded far enough for any official action to be taken, perhaps that is why I have not heard of it.

You told the B.M.A. that we must face the fact that "The changes of thought upon the matter of birth *do* run up against Christian moral standards," that while you did not mean to say the changes were wrong, they would conflict with previous moral standards, and that, therefore, it was as well to let Thought move quietly to a certain point. That time had not arrived.

Now, my lord, this question of Birth has to be faced, sooner or later. Many of us laymen frequently hear of cases where rich women go to Paris, and other places on the Continent, to get rid of unwanted children. I have for long been told—and by people who should know—that a woman with ample means can easily avoid childbirth, even in London, where it might be argued, if she were rich, that maternity might endanger her life.

All the time, in spite of that, the poor give birth to thousands of unwanted children, mainly for the reason that, while we call it murder to prevent their birth, we take no steps to see that, when they are born, there is food for them, and education, and that, afterwards, when they reach working age, they can maintain themselves. More and more, their children's future is harassing the minds of parents.

So it is that poor wretched women are sent to prison for long periods because, out of fear, and because of their misery, they have shirked a parenthood which would bring upon them, in some cases, shame, and, in the other cases, destitution.

Nor do we always provide for them anæsthetics during the hours of their great trial.

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin has pleaded for money for this. But, alas, all that sort of charity is out of date. We have arrived at that stage when State medicine is necessary, when the provision of State hospitals would make needless all this loud screaming for money, and when it should be realised—it is in Denmark—that the citizen has a right to medical treatment, which should not be regarded as a charity.

One day, my lord, we must get these moral standards sorted out. To-day, where we make it a terrible crime, in England, for a man to have two wives, we, the same people, allow Moslems to have four wives in India, in Egypt, and in all sorts of places where we have some measure of control. If it is wrong in England, it is wrong in Egypt. If it is immoral in England, it is immoral in India.

We do not say that. We pretend.

* * *

In these days, when the machine is making unemployment more and more a nightmare, we should all unite to see that provision is made for children—yes, and for mothers. Until we do that, women will go on suffering, and children will go on dying.

The views of the B.M.A. will not cut as deep as that. I am afraid it is thinking of doctors, not of the rest of the population. After all, that is its job.

You say that the community has been thinking. What, because of necessity, it is being compelled to recognise is that there is, in the world, more than enough for all—abundant food, ample space on which to live, over-much clothing if the products of machinery find fair distribution.

When we have solved the problem of how to ensure, for the unborn, happiness and comfort, women will not fly to dangerous expedients. In those days, we shall hear less of birth control.

* * *

The fact that the Church, so timidly, it is true, that what it decided was something indecisive, has faced one of the many problems caused by so-called over-population, and that now you and your fellow-physicians, over-tactfully though it may seem to us, have discussed another aspect of the problem, shows how the ever-growing needs of the poor are causing fears in the ranks of the classes higher up.

But over-population is only an issue because of the stupid way in which the world's bounty fails to find distribution. That is the real problem.

When that is solved, motherhood will be regarded as a blessing, and the doctors of the world, when they arrive with their little black bags, will be welcomed—not feared.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN,
11, Downing Street, London

DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—So the Cabinet has decreed a summer holiday of fourteen weeks for M.P.s.

This means that unless an emergency meeting is called it will not be possible to ventilate in Parliament even the most pressing public grievance before November 7.

I consider that an abuse of the Government's powers. JOHN BULL.

LORD HAILSHAM,
Minister for War

DEAR LORD HAILSHAM,—Bullets from the rifle practice at the barracks near Warrington have narrowly missed the residents in adjacent houses; night-workers can get no sleep; mothers dare not allow children to play in their gardens or even in the back rooms.

Yet the military bigwigs pooh-pooh the complaints!

I suggest you order a proper enquiry. JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. R. JARDINE,
Surrey C.C.

DEAR JARDINE,—You really laid the bogy of "body-line bowling" when you calmly faced it in the second Test between England and the West Indies and scored well over a century.

It was only fair that you should have a dose of the medicine your team administered to Australia—and you took it without flinching.

That was fine! But if the theory results in slowing down the game and making off-strokes impossible, as it did in that match, then I think it would be better forgotten. JOHN BULL.

COUNCILLOR THOMASON, Fleetwood: "We are worshipping Devil," you said, opposing Sunday play for children in local park. Wiser men think they're in heaven when watching children play. —JOHN BULL.

THE COUNCILLORS,
Manchester Corporation

GENTLEMEN, — As you are paying £100,000 a year in overtime you have asked the various departments what they are going to do about it.

And one department admits that its overtime averages nearly two hours per person per week but "sees no scope for the employment of additional workers."

That department should be asked to look again until it "sees" properly. JOHN BULL.

Mr. ARTHUR CLARKE,
Bootle

DEAR "BOOKIE,"—Is it really worth while breaking the Betting Laws so obstinately?

Five times you have been fined £100, and once were sent to jail for six months. Now you have been caught again—at a cost to you of £50.

Why not give it a rest until the law is altered? JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM HAROLD MITCHELL,
Hull

MITCHELL,—You went on your holidays without a thought for the care of your dog while you were away, for which you have been fined £10 and disqualified from holding a dog licence for two years.

On the same day Police-Sergeant Mitchell, of Eastbourne, was lowered 450 feet over Beachy Head to rescue an injured dog.

You probably think him a fool. But he, I hope, will agree with me that you are just a brute. JOHN BULL.

Dr. A. N. HAMILTON,
Tiverton, Devon

DEAR DOCTOR,—You have revealed a local practice which is just horrible.

The Red Cross detachment objects to its ambulance being used to convey bodies to the mortuary for post-mortem examination as it might be wanted immediately afterwards—and before it could be disinfected—for the conveyance of maternity cases!

Following your suggestion, a hearse is now to be engaged. But what originated that dangerous state of affairs—economy, thoughtlessness, or what? JOHN BULL.

BERT HANDFORD,
Aldridge, Staffs.

GHOUL,—So you, it seems, are the rogue who rifled the pockets of a dead man. I told recently how the poor fellow collapsed and died while taking home his week's wages, and how the wages were stolen from his body.

For this abominable crime you have been fined £10.

All decent people will wish you had been sent to jail. JOHN BULL.

LORD NEWTON,
London, S.W.1.

MY LORD,—Speaking in the House of Lords on trade relations with Russia you announced that "no good ever came of trying to do business with criminals."

Whatever your views on the present *régime* in that country, you should at least remember that criticism should be tempered by discretion.

The Government spokesman rebuked you. That must have surprised you, but will please most people. JOHN BULL.

LORD IRWIN, Board of Education: "Examination's only a rough and ready way to test abilities," you say. Then why hang careers on them?—JOHN BULL.

Councillor T. A. PIGGIN,
Alvaston Council, Derby

DEAR SIR,—You have found that one of the council horses has been overworked, underfed and neglected, and have proposed that corn be bought for it at once—a proposal that was carried.

Thanks to you! But what has the council been doing—practising economy? JOHN BULL.

Miss ALMA SPENCER,
Ladywood, Birmingham

DEAR ALMA,—It's not a barmaid's job to tackle burglars, but you didn't stop to think when you heard a suspicious noise upstairs.

No; up you went, found a man hiding behind a door, dragged him downstairs and held him until the police arrived.

The magistrates commended you; so do I. JOHN BULL.

by A. G. GARDINER

The Great AIR FRIGHT

General Balbo's air armada flies over Chicago. It was a friendly gesture, but "no one can doubt its terrific and ominous significance"

THE decision of the Government not to take up the challenge which Italy has issued in the air is a welcome evidence that sanity is beginning to have a look-in in this flying business.

An Italian 'plane has set up a record of something over 420 miles per hour. I have no doubt that we could build an engine that could raise the record speed to 450, and that Italy could cap that by making it 470, and so on and so on. But we have retired from the silly competition.

It was time. These frenzied gamblers with death in the pursuit of idiotic records that have no relation to business, pleasure or any other practical interest of life have become a scandal.

I do not know how many millions of the taxpayers' money has been squandered on those vast Schneider seaplanes that shatter the ears from one end of the Solent to the other, but so far as any useful public service is concerned those millions might as well have been poured down the sewers.

I have said "useful public service" advisedly, for behind this mad race there is another grim purpose which has nothing to do with public service, but everything to do with making this earth infinitely more of a hell than it has ever been.

If, when the Wright brothers a generation or so ago first succeeded in flying in a machine heavier than air, we could have foreseen what was in store for us it is a nice question whether we should not have been wise to smash their contraption to bits, burn their plans and imprison the Wrights for the term of their natural life.

For they created a monster that has added a new terror to a world which was already more than sufficiently provided with terrors.

Needless stunts

The case against the aeroplane is, of course, not so clear and unqualified as that against the submarine. That is an unmitigated work of the devil. It has no redeeming feature. It is an instrument of destruction and nothing else, and until we unite to banish it from the earth as we banish a plague the world cannot claim to be civilised.

But the aeroplane is in another category.

The difference may be stated in this way: Take away the motive of war, and not another submarine would ever be built. It would have no value and no meaning. But take away the motive of war and the real value of the aeroplane would be undiminished. Only its diabolical potentialities would be removed.

I have no passion for the new religion of speed which has seized this generation, and little interest in the "stunt" flying which seems designed only to provide the newspapers with thrilling headlines and the purveyors of oil with striking advertisements.

There was a case for these stunts at the beginning. When Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic he proved something which was worth proving. He proved that, given suitable conditions, it was possible to fly across the Atlantic. So with the early Mollison and Amy Johnson flights to and from Australia. So with the first aerial flight round the world.

But the stunt business has ceased to have any practical value, and I believe it is outliving public interest. It teaches us nothing, involves too heavy penalties in life, limb and property, and has become a mere expedient for advertising.

It is time that the gambling side of aviation was dropped. We know that the Atlantic can be flown, and we know also that flying the Atlantic as a commercial proposition is still out of the question. Commercial aviation has established itself on a perfectly sound basis and needs nothing and wants nothing from the purveyors of stunt flights.

If that established business of flying were the end of the story the world would have nothing but gratitude to the Wright brothers. But it is unfortunately not the end.

In inventing the flying machine they not only added an invaluable vehicle to the means of rapid movement, they added one of the most formidable weapons to equipment of war.

No country has suffered so much from that fact as this. Until the beginning of this century the geographical isolation of Britain from the Continent was our apparently indestructible security. No enemy had landed on these shores for hundreds of years, and the possibility of invasion had become so remote as to be not worth considering. So long as we maintained an effective fleet, attack was practically unthinkable.

But the day that the Wrights rose above the ground in their primitive aeroplane that security was doomed. The seas still flow between us and the Continent, but from the point of view of defence, this country has ceased to be an island.

Between them, the submarine and the aeroplane have made us as vulnerable as if the English Channel had become dry land. The submarine can cut off our food supply, and the aeroplane can make our cities uninhabitable as easily as if they were in the heart of Europe.

Even during the war the margin of safety from this twin attack was narrow. Against the submarine in the summer of 1917 it was so narrow that those of us who knew the facts lived from day to day under the shadow of a dreadful fear.

To-day the margin has gone altogether. The enormous advances made in the post-war years both in the air and under water have changed for us the whole aspect of war. Should that calamity affect the world again, we should be as vulnerable to the attack of Germany or France as either of those countries is to the other.

Ominous spectacle

If we alone were menaced by these new terrors our case would be desperate. Fortunately, the menace is common. It is only most acute in our case, because the insular security we once enjoyed is gone. But all countries alike are under the deadly menace from the air.

How real that menace is has been dramatically illustrated during the past few weeks.

We have seen with our mind's eye the greatest armada that has ever sailed the skies passing majestically from Italy over Europe and over the Atlantic to far Chicago. We have applauded the spectacle and offered our congratulations to the nation that has given us this astonishing exhibition of its aerial power.

But no one can doubt its terrific and ominous significance. These were not merely pleasure ships of the sky bearing olive branches to a friendly country. They were great battle planes capable of carrying death and destruction to lands near at home or thousands of miles away.

If they can cross the Atlantic on a peace errand, they can cross the Atlantic on a war errand. They could be over London or Paris or Berlin between the sunset of one day and the dawn of the next.

And as Italy is armed, so is France, so is Britain, so, I have no doubt, is Germany It is not the menace of one to all, but of all to all.

It is this menace, so impressively brought to our consciousness, that must be obliterated if civilisation is not to perish.

Whatever the Disarmament Conference may fail to do it must not fail in this. We have all a common and desperate necessity here.

Abolish air war!

It is shocking that this country, who has so much at stake in the matter, should, for the sake of exercising disciplinary bombing against desert rebels, have opposed the complete abolition of air warfare.

That terrible blunder has been cancelled, but the stigma of it remains. We must wipe it out by the fervour of our advocacy of the abolition of air warfare when the Disarmament Conference reassembles.

Not from the B.B.C.—Dr. Alexander Cannon sings—

Try My Love Machine!

IF you're of those who Science mock
And knowledge seek to ban,
Then maybe you've not heard of Doctor Alexander Cannon, founder of that strange device,
The psychostethokyrtographymanometer—
Which, perhaps, you'd like to hire?

'Tis sad that so much ignorance
Can flourish in our age;
But, if you'll give me half a chance,
I'll readily engage,
By means of my new psychostethokyrtographymanometer to enlighten you
More than a palmist can.

My simple little instrument
Can readily descry
When you're in love, likewise with whom,
Though not, perhaps, just *why*!
It tells you what that sigh denotes,
Just what that blushing means;
The psychostethokyrtographEtcetera spills the beans!

For the benefit of those to whom the foregoing psychostethokyrtographymanometrical exposition may lack clarity, I may say that my invention diagnoses certain psychological states. It will, for example, tell whether a person is in love as quickly as you can say "Honorificabilitudinitatibus."

My apparatus, which people with underdeveloped facial muscles may prefer to call the "psychograph," consists of a delicate series of stethographs, which are affected by the breathing of the patient. By this means the subtlest reactions are recorded.

Already indignant protests have been made by unscientific people. Are we, these ask, to have the innermost secrets of our hearts recorded on rolls of paper, as if they were rainfall records?

If (these critics argue) our tenderest reactions are to be broadcast by psychological Nosey Parkers, no roving Romeo will know when an emotion which is only equal to the purchase of chocolate creams once a week will be magnified into something which implies the purchase of baker's bread for a lifetime.

Against such small objections, let me ask you to consider how useful my apparatus would be in breach of promise cases. However a defendant might deny the allegations of a fair plaintiff seeking compensation for a damaged heart and an overstocked glory-box, my machine would prove him a lover and a liar.

As I have explained to the Press, the mere mention of a man or woman's name to the person being tested will cause the breathing to become more rapid and set the graphs working. Nor do I admit the possibility of mistakes such as are suggested by a person who has sent me an utterly unscientific rhyme:

Though I'm in love with Madge and Maude,
I doubt if I'd react
To these names, or to those of Fay,
Dot, Dinah, Carolina, May—
I trust I have more tact!

But though one may conceal one's loves,
Who can control his fear?
That instrument will straight proclaim
My quickened heart-beats if the name
Of Madeline I hear!

Since she has marked me for her own,
Her name my cowardice stirs.
And, with this psychographic bunk,
They'll label "love" what's really funk—
And I'll, alas! be her's!

FREE WRITING SET

including full-size Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen and Propelling Pencil with eraser and lead refills.

To secure this magnificent gift send at once for a pair of our beautifully made shoes with hardwearing rubber soles and heels moulded to highly polished black uppers indistinguishable from good patent leather. Weather resisting and thoroughly damp-proof. The most comfortable shoe ever produced, fits like a glove without cramping.

PER PAIR **2'9**

Post & Pkg. 9d. extra on 1 or 2 pairs, or C.O.D. if preferred

All sizes 11 to 8 and 4 to 11.
LIST FREE.

Also smart Fashion shoe with Cuban heel for women, per pair **3/8**

J.B., CROYDON STORES, Duppas Hill Lane, Croydon

I AM THE largest direct supplier of the finest **COVENTRY BUILT** Cycles and sell **POUNDS CHEAPER** by cutting out Agents' profits. Thousands of 1933 models at cut prices. Carriage Paid. An **ELECTRIC LAMP, BELL, CARRIER, & REFLECTOR, FREE.** *SEND A POSTCARD FOR FREE LIST.*

From £3 CASH or TERMS

Pat O'Brien, of COVENTRY

A NOVICE CAN ERECT.

Sent carriage paid. Complete ready for use in 6 sections to bolt together. ½-in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.		
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2. 1.0	or	3/0 Monthly.
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£2.16.0	or	5/1 Monthly.
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4. 4.0	or	7/5 Monthly.

Carr. paid. **Send for Special Catalogue No. 86** of sheds 20/-, Garages 75/6, Army Huts, etc. Huge reductions. 1,500 sizes and designs. Delivery to door arranged anywhere.

J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. (Box 86) Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

BABY-CLOTHES

MODERN SHORT LENGTHS, or USUAL LONG-CLOTHES **30/-**

(Beautifully home-made and ready for use)

75 daintiful garments (for Summer or Winter Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Winceyette Day Gowns, Flannelette Night Dress, Flannelette Bed Jacket, Lawn or Winceyette Nightdress, Wrapper, Vests, Bands, Flannelette, Hand-Knitted Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Binders, Turkish Napkins, etc.

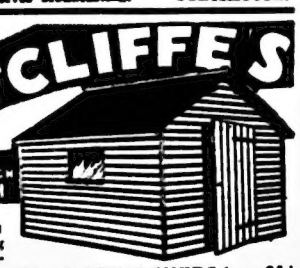
FROM THIS WEEK'S TESTIMONIALS: "Certainly cheaper and better than anyone could make. A truly wonderful and genuine bargain, it deserves broadcasting."

SEND **2/-**

FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL (Cash or Terms)
Mrs. J. B. Howard, 96, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

FROM 3/9 PER MONTH

SUTCLIFFE'S



DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value! Carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 24/-

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2/1/0 3/9
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£2/18/0 5/4
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4/4/0 7/9

Send for FREE Portable Building CATALOGUE, 120 pages lovely illustrations, Sheds, Pavilions, Greenhouses, Garages, Summer Houses, Poultry Houses, Dog Kennels, Etc.

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE LTD., 82, WOOD TOP, HEBDEN BRIDGE, YORKS. London Showrooms—40-42, Oxford Street, W.1.

TRUSSES ABOLISHED

Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet. Wonderful relief from Rupture. Not a truss. Neat, washable. Pad inflated and adjusted in a second to pressure required. Cannot slip; light, comfortable. You will not know you have it on. Holds Hernia firmly. In most cases broken tissues re-unite. Rupture conquered for ever! Doctors Recommend it! The "Lancet" has endorsed it! Write now to:—

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO.
Dept. 208J, 26, Charing Cross Rd., LONDON.
Our Manchester Branch, 30, King St., is open until 6 p.m. on Sats.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 27.

Send Coupon below & learn how you can make

INCONVENIENCE UNNECESSARY
NO OUTLAY
START RIGHT AWAY

£5-£20 IN YOUR SPARE TIME

RUN A **Westminster XMAS CLUB**

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US.

(Extracts from Voluntary Testimonials.)

"Thanks to you for the prompt delivery of my order. All my customers were well satisfied with the quality and value of goods. The packing was most satisfactory."

"I will never cease to praise the way in which you conduct your business, also for your motto, 'Value for Money.'"

"I was very pleased with your articles. All my customers were exceptionally satisfied."

"I am writing to say how pleased and satisfied I am with the goods. Also how delighted all my members were. I trust next year to send an even better order."

"The packing was excellent, and great credit is due to the packers. All my members were delighted with their goods."

This means big cash for you in return for a little of your spare moments. All you are asked to do is to introduce our 180-page wonder catalogue amongst your friends and fellow workers. You'll be surprised how easy it is to gain members, and we pay you a **HANDSOME COMMISSION** on whatever is ordered, such as Chocolates, Sweets, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods, Toys, Jewellery, Drapery, etc.

FREE GIFTS AND TWO BIG CASH COMPETITIONS.

No Entrance Fee. Equal Chance For All. Everything for making a start is supplied gratis and post free—A sumptuously illustrated catalogue in full colour showing tip-top values in a variety of goods, all necessary stationery, and a booklet containing illustrations of the free gifts to all agents and giving simple rules of the great free cash competitions.

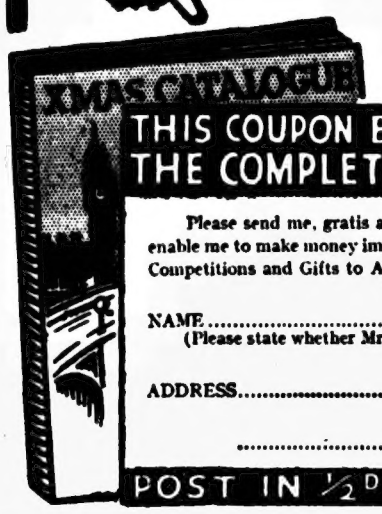
NO OBLIGATIONS. NOT A PENNY OUTLAY.

The sooner you start the more money you make. So don't let this golden opportunity slip by, but be sure that you fill in and post the coupon NOW and start at once putting pounds into your pocket.

HURRY UP!

There is no time to lose—only a limited number of applicants are now needed. Join London's biggest Xmas Club and enrol by sending the coupon NOW.

Westminster National Supplies Ltd.
37. Old Swan Lane London E.C.4.



THIS COUPON BRINGS YOU THE COMPLETE OUTFIT FREE!

Please send me, gratis and post free, the complete Westminster Club Outfit to enable me to make money immediately in my spare time; also details of the Free Cash Competitions and Gifts to Agents.

NAME .....
(Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.) BLOCK LETTERS

ADDRESS .....

..... J.B.

POST IN ½D UNSEALED ENVELOPE

YOURS for 3/- DEPOSIT

10gn. Value for **75/-**

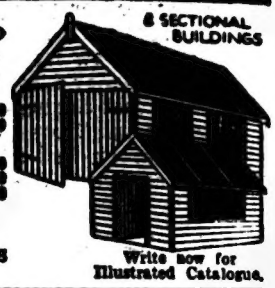
PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

Amazing value for 75/-. Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lemiere, Paris; 8x Magnification. Wide View. Screw and Eyepiece Focus. Bending bar. Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition, name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather case with slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free Approval. If satisfactory, balance payable 3/- monthly until 79/6 is paid, or cash within 7 days, 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

DAVIS (Dept. J.B. 126), 95-105, Denmark Hill, Camberwell Green, S.E.5.

SOUTH WESTERN HUTS & GARAGES

UNEQUALLED SERVICE AND A SQUARE POLICY.



8 SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

GARAGES.

10' x 7'	...	£2	8 0
14' x 9'	...	£7	10 0

HUTS.

6' x 4'	...	£2	1 0
8' x 5'	...	£2	18 0
10' x 7'	...	£4	4 0

Planed, Rebated Weatherboard.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write Now for Illustrated Catalogue.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), Ltd., Dept. J., High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771, 2511/2

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a **15/- Free Gift Coupon** will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. T. Robey, 24, COVENTRY

2 WEEKS ONLY!

2 White Woolly Blankets	20x70
2 Good Strong Sheets	60x70
2 White Pillow Slips	20x30
1 White Bolster Case	20x60
1 Art Printed Bedspread	
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
1 Art. Silk Brocade and Corded Cushion Cover	22x22
2 Dainty Handkerchiefs	
2 Chamois Polishers	

CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D.

A LOVELY WARMER DOWN

QUILT FREE

also, if cash with order, Free Damask Table Cloth.

PATON MILL Co., Dept. S.B., 70-76, Cannon Street, MANCHESTER, 4.

SATISFACTION

GREAT OFFER: *Ladies' Lightweight Macs, latest belted style. 36 in. to 48 in. length. Grey or fawn 4/11 each. Carriage paid.*

AMAZING CYCLE OFFER

ONLY **1/6** A WEEK

3-speed Models & Racers 2/- Weekly.

This British Made Cycle, guaranteed for a lifetime, sent you Carriage Paid, complete Dunlop Tyres, Pump, Bell, Tools, etc. Heavily enamelled and plated. Lined two colours. Special Cash Price, £3/-. Post your order now to secure prompt delivery or

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

ECLIPSE Cycle Dept. 6. 97, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1

TOUGH AS HIDE!

BUY NOW BEFORE PRICES RISE!

These extra stout boots are as tough as hide and give years of wear. Strongly made with extra stout soles and heels, and strong canvas-duck lining. The most comfortable boot ever produced. Ideal for Farmers, Fishing, Boatmen, Policemen, Gardeners, Shooting, Stables and Garage work.

Per pair Made to sell at 21/-

6/9

Sizes 6 to 11. By post 9d. extra. C.O.D. if preferred.

SOLID RUBBER WELLINGTONS sizes 8 to 12, per pair 7/9.

J.B. CROYDON STORES, Duppas Hill Lane, Croydon.

KILLED BOY: Monstrous VERDICT

From the left: Mr. H. E. Derham, Chief Constable of Blackpool; Colonel Parker, the West Lancs. coroner; Jackie Rushton, the dead boy

MANY queer and serious tangles and blunders in the administration of justice are presented to JOHN BULL for independent investigation.

No case of the kind has given cause for greater bewilderment than the one described in this narrative of a recent street tragedy at Blackpool involving the death of a six-year-old boy.

At every stage and in every aspect it will be found to seethe with perplexing circumstances which, collectively, form a disquieting mystery.

We have had all the available facts examined and sifted at first hand. We cannot even attempt to explain them. They are of such a nature that they will baffle all enquiry until high authority itself takes the case in hand.

It will be clear that there is urgent need for some such action either by the Home Secretary or the Registrar-General.

The child victim of the tragedy was Jack Rushton. His parents live at 244, Lytham Road, one of the main roadways on the South Shore of Blackpool, and the little boy was killed in a side street only a few yards from his home by having his head crushed between the rear of a motor-lorry and a telegraph pole which stands on the pavement.

This side street is enclosed, and, because at this season it is a favourite playground of the children of holiday visitors to Blackpool, the drivers of motor vehicles who enter the street usually exercise the greatest care.

George Smallman, however, did nothing of the kind. He was the driver of the heavy lorry which instantaneously killed Jackie Rushton.

* * *

There are no words too strong with which to denounce Smallman, who is twenty-two and resides in Church Street, Blackpool.

His carelessness in the handling of the motor-lorry is almost beyond belief. This was very far indeed from being an accident. The child died because Smallman did not observe even the most rudimentary principles of driving.

There was no other traffic whatever in the street. And only two people were in it at the time, both on the pavement—Jackie Rushton and a man who was a few yards away.

Smallman, by error, drove into a cul-de-sac. It was while the lorry was being reversed that the boy met his death. There was ample room in which to pull out the vehicle with the utmost safety and the scene of the tragedy is itself a condemnation of Smallman's incompetence and recklessness.

Also, he had allowed the lorry to be stacked so high with boxes that, while reversing it, the view behind from the windows was completely shut out.

A second man was with him beside the driving-seat. But Smallman preferred to drive backwards blindly. He did not even get his mate to descend and keep a look-out.

Anyhow, it will be thought, Smallman must have at least given warning by sounding the horn.

Not a bit of it. *The horn was out of action* and Smallman was aware of the fact. The horn had been useless for some time.

In these extraordinary circumstances the lorry was reversed across the entire width of the street to mount the far pavement and kill Jackie Rushton.

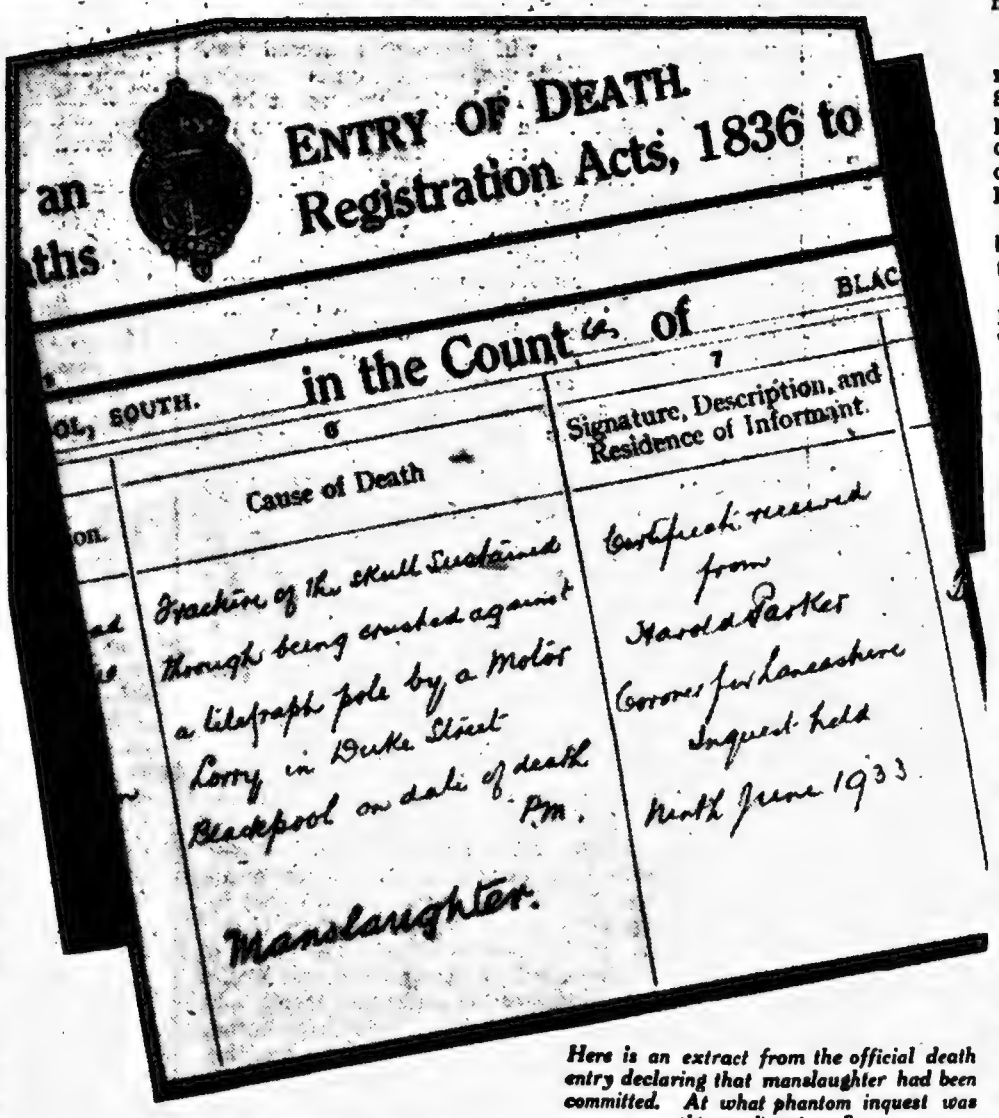
Smallman was, of course, arrested. He was charged, primarily, with dangerous driving.

But when the case came before the magistrates, the Chief Constable of Blackpool (Mr. H. E. Derham) withdrew this charge and accepted pleas of guilty to driving without care and without giving warning.

Smallman's employer, Mr. Fred Laycock, the head of a Fleetwood firm of mineral water manufacturers, was also charged with allowing an improperly fitted lorry to be used. He said that he had no knowledge that the horn was out of order.

The clerk of the court emphasised that it was Laycock's duty to see that it was in order. The charge against the employer was nevertheless dismissed.

In presenting the case against the driver Smallman, the Chief Constable relied entirely upon information supplied by a constable—*who did not witness the accident.*



ENTRY OF DEATH.
Registration Acts, 1836 to
in the Count[illegible] of
Cause of Death
Signature, Description, and Residence of Informant.
Fracture of the skull Sustained through being crushed against a telegraph pole by a Motor Lorry in Duke Street Blackpool on date of death P.M.
Certificate received from Harold Parker Coroner for Lancashire Inquest held Ninth June 1933
Manslaughter.

Here is an extract from the official death entry declaring that manslaughter had been committed. At what phantom inquest was this verdict given?

This was to the effect that when the lorry crushed the boy to death he was *sitting* on the pavement.

Here the police utterly and unwittingly confused the facts. If the little child had been on the ground, the lorry driver ought never to have been in the dock, because the victim must have contributed largely to the accident.

Undoubtedly the police statement must have influenced the magistrates in their decision.

But Jackie Rushton was not sitting at the foot of the telegraph pole when he was killed. The marks left show clearly that he was *standing* on the pavement and could have been seen.

There is still more complete evidence of this fact. It is testified to by Mr. William Bradley, a company secretary and accountant of Manchester, who was only a few yards away when the child was killed and who was *the only eye-witness of the tragedy.*

Mr. Bradley immediately after the fatality made and signed a statement to the Blackpool police describing actually what had happened and certain remarks alleged to have been made by the driver.

Yet Mr. Bradley was not summoned to attend Smallman's trial nor was the slightest reference made to his testimony.

Smallman was fined fifty shillings.

It was not, of course, permissible to reveal in court that tragedy has dogged Smallman as a driver. Only six months previously, a lorry of which he was in charge one night ran down and killed one man and maimed another. The side lamps were two pieces of candle.

Stranger events have to be related, however, in connection with the present tragedy.

The day after it occurred, Colonel Harold Parker, D.S.O., the coroner for West Lancashire, sat with a jury.

Only evidence of identification was given, and the inquest was adjourned for seventeen days.

* * *

A few days before it was due to be resumed, however, the jurymen received postcards informing them that, as proceedings had been taken by the police, their services would no longer be required.

And, on the day after the inquest should have been resumed, the parents of the dead boy had delivered to them by the coroner's officer a death certificate announcing that the result of the inquest was that death was caused by manslaughter.

Curiously, this verdict was shown as having been given on the day following the tragedy *when the inquest was adjourned.*

Actually, we have found, the inquest was never resumed, no witnesses were called and no warrant has been issued against any person for manslaughter.

Yet the supposed terrible verdict is recorded with the Registrar-General at Somerset House, and it is in the deaths register of Blackpool and upon official certificates which have since been issued.

Why was the only eye-witness of the tragedy not required to attend the police-court proceedings?

What is the secret of the phantom inquest and the recorded verdict of manslaughter without a single word of evidence having been heard or any action taken?

Only when these questions are answered will the circumstances in which Jackie Rushton was killed be properly explained.

The Human Machine — That "LADDER"!

MANY people have talked about the "ladder" that those must climb who wish to attain success; but few have ever described it, or named the steps of which it consists. It is not a tall ladder; its steps are few in number; but each one needs care in the climbing, and only those can climb with ease and certainty who know exactly what these steps are.

Let us look at them. The first is faith—faith in oneself, in one's abilities, in one's powers, faith of such a strength that doubt and despair never even colour the fringe of the climber's thoughts.

The next is industry—unremitting, ungrudging labour, hard work that knows no "hours," and never thinks of anything but the job in hand.

And the third step is surely perseverance—the doggedness that "sticks it" to the bitter end, that never gives in, that plays the game through, win or lose, and plays it with heart and soul.

There are not many more steps to climb. There is honesty—that streak of sturdy character that will never deceive, no matter what it may cost to tell the truth, act the truth, and stick to the right. Without honesty no one can climb, for no one will respect the climber or be willing to help him.

One more step, and the summit is reached—but it is a big climb, for the last step is experience, both of life and of men. No one ever yet reached the top of the ladder who had not seen and observed and LEARNED.

A short ladder—but a difficult climb. If you haven't begun, begin!

BAD LEGS

There are scores of so-called leg remedies, but there is only one Tremol Treatment for Bad Legs. See that you get it. Your bad leg is too serious a matter, too painful a complaint, too great a handicap, to be trifled with. Make sure that you get the right treatment. Little " bits " of this and " bits " of that will never heal your Bad Leg. You must do the thing thoroughly, and have proper and correct treatment for your leg prepared specially for your own case by those who know how to make your leg sound and well. Many thousands of Bad Leg sufferers have had their legs made sound and well by the Tremol Treatment and hundreds are being cured to-day. The Tremol specialists have devoted their lives to the cure of Wounds and Ulcers and Eczema of the legs. They are experts in leg complaints. They are ready and willing now to heal your Bad Leg straight away if you will write and allow them to do this service for you.

HAVE DONE with that OPEN WOUND.

At best that wound is a daily worry and nuisance. At the worst it is terrible to you in its agonising pain and irritation. If allowed to go on it will make you a cripple for life. Besides, there is the risk of burst veins, and blood poisoning ever present with a wound or ulcerated leg.

Write to-day to the address below. Give the word now and banish for ever your leg trouble. It does not matter where you live. From Land's End to John O' Groats, the Treatment cures—in your own home—by your own fireside. Your age matters not—the Treatment conquers Bad Legs at all ages. You may have tried twenty other remedies—that fact counts for nothing. Thousands upon thousands have been cured under Tremol Treatment and they had all tried plenty of other remedies before receiving Tremol Treatment. No matter where you have been or what you have tried this Treatment is certain in its results and will bring about your complete recovery.

All pain is quickly banished, all inflammation dies away, all swelling subsides, your leg becomes soundly healed and your future health and strength is vastly improved.

Suffer no more pain and waste no more time. Fill in the coupon below and send it to The National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Manchester. You will then receive a free illustrated Book which explains everything, and commence to cure yourself in your own home.

SWOLLEN AND PAINFUL LEGS

What do they indicate ? Fluid has accumulated in the deeper tissues, and caused the swelling. You may think they look unsightly ! That may be, but the end is worse than looks, unless you get proper treatment. Very soon the swollen leg will be at bursting point, and an open wound and Bad Leg result. Perhaps the joints are all swollen and painful. If so, there is deep-seated inflammation. The blood vessels and lymphatic cells under the skin are charged full of acid poison which, if not speedily removed, will bring on Synovitis and joint disease. Trifling remedies are useless. You must get those swollen limbs properly treated before it is too late. Get at the root cause. Write to National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, and get the free book, which tells you how to treat your swollen limbs at home in comfort and quickly. Sign the coupon on the right and send to-day.

ECZEMA AND SKIN ERUPTIONS

Special Treatment is prescribed to suit each case of Eczema and skin eruptions. Chronic Eczema is conquered, disfiguring face eruptions vanish, itching, irritable, unsightly skin troubles are rapidly cured. Read these questions :—

1. Do you suffer from Psoriasis ? 2. Have you P.mples or Blackheads on the face, chest or back ? 3. Are there Eruptions or Matted Scales on the Scalp ? 4 Is there dreadful Itchiness ? 5. Have you Boils or Abscesses ? 6. Is the skin re l, inflamed or Eczematous ? 7. Are the hands or feet affected ? 8 Are there Eruptions on the Knees, Elbows, or Body ?

If you suffer from any of these skin troubles, write now to National College, Gt. Clowes St., Broughton, Manchester, for free illustrated publication and get your skin trouble cured straight away. Fill in coupon on right.

VARICOSE VEINS

The dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Varicose Ulcers, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Hæmorrhage. The stages in the development of Veins are :

(1) Simple Dilatation. (2) Loss of Elasticity. (3) Dilatation in all directions. (4) Shrinkage and Atrophy of the Vein Valves. (5) Thrombosis with swelling, ulceration, or Varicose Eczema.

If neglected, Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest Specialist in the world could not cure them. Operations are of little use, for if they are cut out, the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicosed too. Injections are of little use, because, unfortunately, the hopes based upon injection Treatment have not been realised. In the majority of cases the veins again canalise, and the Treatment involves risk of Thrombosis, Ulceration, and Eczema. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the veins while they retain their elasticity and contractile power. Under Tremol Treatment the vein walls become toned up and strengthened, the blood circulation is improved, clots become absorbed, venous congestion passes away and such symptoms of varicosity as dull aching pain, tiredness, heaviness of the legs, varicose swelling, are relieved and cured. *Get the free illustrated Book now which tells you all about your Varicose Veins. Fill in the Coupon to-day, and send it to-day to the National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Manchester.*

LEG ECZEMA

ITCHING, DRY AND WEEPING

Varicose leg Eczema arises from the same causes as varicose ulcers. Sometimes it is dry and intolerably itchy. At other times it is raw, inflamed and weeping. Sometimes the whole leg is one red mass of skin inflammation from the knees to the toes. At other times the Varicose Eczema is all around the ankle. Both forms of the complaint are chronic and can only be cured by proper treatment. The " bit of this and that " is useless. A special form of Tremol Treatment is prepared for Varicose Leg Eczema and the results to the chronic sufferers are most gratifying and amazing. The leg Eczema is quickly cured. The redness, soreness, inflammation and weeping soon vanish. The itching and irritation is rapidly subdued. All discomfort quickly goes away and a clean, natural, healthy skin is your reward. The leg is thoroughly cured.

If you suffer from leg Eczema and want to get rid of the complaint write at once to National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, and get the free book which tells you how to get cured.

PSORIASIS

As the result of years of research and practical daily experience a grand Treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady. This Treatment for Psoriasis has given and is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of former and present sufferers. The results are truly astonishing. Stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years rapidly yield to this grand Treatment. Those Psoriasis spots and patches on the arms, legs and body soon fade away under this Treatment and instead you get a new, clean, healthy skin, same as you used to have. The scurf, red patches and matted scales on your head quickly subside and a beautifully clear scalp with healthy hair is your reward.

GET RID OF YOUR PSORIASIS

Fill in the Coupon below and send it to National College, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, for the Free illustrated publication which explains everything. You will be gratified and astonished at the remarkable results achieved by this splendid new treatment.

N.B.—There is a special Treatment which is highly successful for those who suffer from Pruritus and the agony of intolerable constant itching and irritation of both the external skin and mucous membrane. There may be no eruptions but the irritation is dreadful. The cause is disordered blood circulation. Write for the book, state your complaint, and get instant and lasting relief.

PILES

(HÆMORRHOIDS)

A new Treatment has been compounded for Piles which is extraordinarily successful. If you suffer you must write at once and prove its sterling worth. Piles are simply Varicose Veins of an aggravated type at the Rectum. The veins swell and enlarge like small tumours at the entrance. They are plugged with stagnant blood clots causing much pain, irritation and inflammation. Under this special new Treatment, all irritation, pain, and inflammation rapidly subside, the circulation is improved, the enlarged veins are relieved, and health is restored to the parts affected. If you suffer from Piles, fill in the coupon below and start your cure straight away. A limited number of copies of this interesting Book with full particulars of the Treatment will be sent free to sufferers. If you suffer from BAD LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS, ECZEMA OR SKIN DISEASE, PSORIASIS, VARICOSE VEINS OR PILES write to-day before the books are exhausted.

Sign the coupon below and get the book. If your case is a curable one the Book will tell you how it can be quickly effected.

Address your letter to Superintendent, National College, Ward B.L., 208, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

FREE COUPON. **WARD B.L.**

ADDRESS—National College, 208, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send valuable book and all particulars of Treatment free of charge.

NAME_____
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS_____

_____

_____

State Complaint_____

_____

National College of Health, Ltd.

The "Buy a Small Business" RAMP EXPOSED

by Sir Wyndham CHILDS

He was inveigled into buying a "flourishing business," but as he waits for customers who never come, he has ample time to repent for his rashness in trusting Mr. Goodstein

THE fact that most people, at some time or another, toy with the idea of acquiring a small shop has prompted certain enterprising individuals to specialise in this class of business.

Various complaints have already reached me from different quarters, where attractive offers are made to would-be shopowners in schemes which turn out very bad bargains indeed.

One concerns the bitter experience of a man who was formerly a clerk in Newcastle and who, having saved a few hundred pounds, was attracted by an advertisement offering a business for sale as a "going concern."

The announcement added that all necessary books were open for inspection by genuine enquirers, and application was invited to a certain agency.

Impressive

On asking for further details, my reader found that the firm was merely interested as an agency, and he was passed on to a Mr. Alexander Goodstein, who wished to dispose of a tobacconist's business in Finchley Road, Golders Green.

In due course books and trading accounts were produced for the applicant's inspection, and to all intents and purposes the offer seemed genuine in every way.

It was said that the business had been established for the better part of two years and that during that time a reasonable profit had been made.

Finally the would-be shopowner went to inspect the premises and found a modern shop, well stocked with goods and of quite an attractive appearance.

He was sufficiently impressed to part with £250 as deposit, after which he took possession of the little shop.

Lights out!

Soon he found that things were far from being as flourishing as he had been led to believe.

For the first five weeks of his tenancy business appeared to be particularly slack, but the new owner thought that this might possibly be due to his inexperienced management, and decided to give the proposition a further trial.

But during the next week most unexpected things began to happen. In the first place the electricity supply was discontinued, and when he protested about this he learned with amazement that an account for current used prior to his tenancy was still unpaid!

That was by no means the only shock in store for this new shopkeeper. A few days later bailiffs arrived and, in spite of all his protests, commandeered all the stock and fittings!

He at once complained to the agency which had carried through his own transaction but received nothing but sympathy.

It assured him that the introduction had been effected in all good faith and it was the vendor of the business, Mr. Alexander Goodstein, who must now be approached.

Though Goodstein had been loud in the praises of the business during the preliminary transactions, he had little to say when the amateur shopkeeper became disillusioned. And the poor fellow has been unable to recover his money.

Shaky business

Let me leave this instance for the moment and turn to the experience of a Scottish client who was introduced through the same agency to Mr. Goodstein.

As the outcome of preliminary discussion this man agreed to invest £200 to acquire an interest in a business known as Martin Merit, Ltd., while his wife put in a similar amount to obtain an interest for her son.

Their expectations were never realised, for it was soon found that the business was in a shaky condition.

The position to-day is that Martin Merit, Ltd., is in compulsory liquidation and this family's life savings have gone.

Another client is a young woman who invested £150 in a shop business recommended by Goodstein. Her experience has been equally disappointing. She was sent from one shop to another, each, if possible, less satisfactory than the last.

Finally, she was sent to an establishment in North London, only to find shopfitters still in possession. After two more weeks of waiting the premises were ready and business was started. But it came to a sudden end with the arrival of a stranger who demanded the keys.

This young woman has since placed her case in the hands of solicitors, but with the collapse of Martin Merit, Ltd., and in view of other revelations I can make, there is little hope that she will ever recover her money.

Various other complaints have come to hand, one from a firm of builders' merchants, which was instructed by Martin Merit, Ltd., to put in a new shop front at certain premises which figured in one of Goodstein's "small business" deals.

The work was duly completed, but when the firm endeavoured to obtain payment it was unsuccessful. When a representative was sent to ask for an explanation he found that bailiffs had distrained for rent and taken possession of the entire stock.

Many complaints

Nor are the shopfitters alone in their trouble. Several trade creditors are complaining about unpaid accounts and in some instances there are outstanding judgments against companies with which Goodstein has been connected.

Enquiry shows that certain premises that have previously been used by companies under Goodstein's control have even been visited by bailiffs. And the present occupants of these premises state that they are still being troubled by callers with many anxious enquiries.

At the present moment an accommodation address serves as the headquarters of most of Goodstein's undertakings.

Queer record

Goodstein's personal record is far from inspiring. I find that he was made bankrupt in 1928 with liabilities of £54,803, and that after this his discharge was suspended for three years.

A few weeks ago he was again adjudicated bankrupt.

As I have shown, too many would-be shopowners have already paid dearly for the doubtful privilege of Mr. Goodstein's advice and assistance in this direction.

Others should be warned by this exposure to leave his small-shop propositions severely alone.

Non-Stop Review Scheme

HAMILTON HARGREAVES, of 46, Black Lion Lane, Ravenscourt Park, London, W., is a very ingenious man, but his ingenuity may land him into trouble, if it has not already done so.

He inserts in provincial newspapers advertisements for assistant book reviewers. Those who reply are invited to review a book, as a sample, and Mr. Hargreaves remarks that he will "assume some sort of judgment of [the candidate's] taste in literature by the class of book he writes about."

The letter concludes by asking what remuneration will be required by the applicant.

The next stage is for Hargreaves to write letters which run as follows:

"I very much regret that I am unable to offer you the reviewing referred to. I write personally because I am extremely sorry to disappoint a writer of such an intelligent and well-expressed opinion of [here the name of the selected book is inserted].

"May I add that this rejection is not occasioned by any fault in your review."

Next a "follow-up" letter is received by the "reviewers." This, in most cases, is despatched about a fortnight afterwards.

It states that Hargreaves is "most sorry to have found it necessary to write such a disappointing refusal of help," and adds that "the refusal is occasioned by an *unexpected re-arrangement* until November next, rather than the cause of any inadequacy of your specimen review, which met my requirements of an intelligent opinion."

* * *

Having got that off his chest, he says he is engaged upon an "Omnibus Anthology" of extracts from the greatest books published between 1927 and 1937, and suggests that disappointed assistant reviewers should spend their spare time in "seeking out the profound passages in the literature."

He then offers to send 800 books for the "reviewer" to "dip into at leisure," and asks for a reply by return as to whether he can "enlist your help" so that he can "fix up the despatch" of these books.

Next he asks for £2 or £2 10s. (the amount varying in different cases) as a contribution towards the expense of sending off this veritable library. Then a postcard is received, reading: "Have got books all ready for despatch. Will you forward your cheque so that they may be despatched?"

* * *

A Scottish reader of JOHN BULL parted with £2 for books and then received a communication from Hargreaves, who stated that he had been "negotiating an opportunity which I am now in a position to offer you, viz.:—remunerative reviewing." Hargreaves added that he can offer our reader approximately six books per week at the rate of one guinea per review for each notice upon publication.

"*Such reviewing will be on the basis of Free Lance Journalism and it will be necessary for you to attach yourself to the Press Review Association.*"

He goes on to say that, as our reader has offered help with the Anthology, if the reviewing work appeals, he (Hargreaves) will be prepared to pay the five guineas subscription "to enable you to qualify for this work" on the condition that our reader agrees to work off this balance "as was suggested regarding the Anthology."

If our Scottish correspondent is to do this "remunerative reviewing" Hargreaves intimates that he will be unable to help with the Anthology in the manner first suggested, and, therefore, "I shall not forward the seven hundred and fifty books. . . ."

The story of the Press Review Association is moonshine, as is the qualifying subscription of five guineas. Nobody has ever heard of this association.

As for Mr Hamilton Hargreaves and his non-stop "review" scheme, readers would be well advised to leave his offers alone.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate : 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address : The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

AGENTS WANTED. Sell Chocolates, Xmas Toys, Presents, Motors, Fancy Goods.—Write, Union Jack Co., 1, Plumptre St., Nottingham.

AGENTS Wanted — Christmas Cards.—The SNOWBALL book always offers something others haven't got. Finest, biggest and cheapest collection free.—Minster Fine Art Assn., Preston.

1,000 AGENTS Wanted (either sex) to sell the Famous CASTLE SERIES Christmas Cards. BIG PROFITS ASSURED. Sample Book FREE. Best commissions and prizes.—Castle Publishing Co., 50, Anchor Court, Preston.

AGENTS WANTED (either sex) for the leading manufacturers of Private Greeting Cards. The "IMPERIAL ART" Series contains a wonderful collection of New Designs and Novelties; including Blotter, Book-mark, Celluloids, Choice Notepapers, beautiful Picture Cards and a Calendar Series that is unbeatable. HIGHEST COMMISSION & PRIZES GIVEN. Books now ready. FREE & CARRIAGE PAID.
LANCASTER PUBLISHING CO.,
Dept. 124, LANCASTER.

PROVED WAYS OF ADDING TO YOUR INCOME. This copy of JOHN BULL *brings you the big chance of choosing your own spare-time job. Every ambitious man and woman should not fail to respond to the important announcements on pages 2 and 3.*

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist. Write parties. Home Study Course. 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

WRITE FOR PROFIT.
Send for free booklet.
Regent Institute (101C), Palace Gate, W.8.

GET Yourself Employed. Start Shoe Repairing At Home. We'll Show You How. Particulars, School of Shoe Repairing, 10, King St., Blackburn.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban. 7/10. Welsh 2/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London W.C.1 (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING.—Lowest prices. 10,000 Handbills, 2/6 1,000. Memos, Catalogues, Price Lists, Duplicate Books, etc. Samps. 2d.—Meads, Rc0, Sandy.

PRINTING, Billheads, Handbills, Cards, from 2/6 1,000. Samples free.—Stanley Osborne & Co., Millbrook Street, Gloucester.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d per roll. Send for patterns post free. — West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 52 TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY.
COCHRANE & Sons help you to make money. Turkish Towels, 3/11 doz. Ladies' Art Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Ladies' Apron Overalls, 4/11 doz. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. Boys' Sports Hose 4's to 8's 4/9 doz. Quarter dozens supplied. Good profits can be made. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE PRICE LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

TRADERS, Marketmen, Beginners, Drapery Remnants yield good profit and draw trade. Catalogue free. Wholesale only. Traders must send trade card. Beginners, state business.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Ltd. Dept J.B. 59, Whitworth Street, Manchester, 1.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Drapery, Frocks, etc. Factory prices, 50% profit. No risk. Any quantity. Cat'al. and parties free.—London Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chambers, Hammersmith, W.6.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

TURN YOUR SPARE TIME
INTO CASH !!

A Genuine offer to
John Bull readers.

There's extra money waiting for you through Messrs. Freeman's celebrated Spare Time Agency. Cash or credit trade in Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Cars, etc. Largest stock in the Trade. Men in regular employment appointed agents on most generous terms. Absolutely no outlay. Liberal supply of samples and illustrated Catalogues.

Write NOW for particulars, mentioning *John Bull*,
FREEMANS,
Lavender Hill, London.

AGENTS WANTED (either sex) to sell PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Make Money in your spare time. No outlay. Magnificent collection of New Designs. Sample Book Free. HIGHEST COMMISSION. VALUABLE PRIZES. Apply Denton & Co., Ltd., Dept. D.15, Accrington.

50/- BONUS and Commission paid on 20 weeks club. You can earn bigger money by becoming a "Britannic" Agent for 1/- weekly clubs. Commission paid weekly. Send p.c. for Catlg., 208 pages, Bedding, Furniture, Footwear, Drapery, etc.—Britannic Household Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 90), Cheetwood Rd., Manchester, 8.

XMAS CLUBS.—Agents wanted. Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Fancies, etc. Good terms cash comm.—Write for Beautiful art Cat. to Mather's (Dept. 15), 192, Chorley Old Road, BOLTON.

HIGHEST Comm.—Xmas Agents, Catalogue, gifts, prizes. Chocs., Cigs., Fancy Goods. Original Tate's, Dept. A.A., Foundry Street, Leeds.

DON'T DECIDE your Agency until you've seen our 1933 Xmas Club Catlg. Quality Service. Highest genuine comm. Free Gift for every Agent. —Dept. C.55, Garnett & Hallmey, Ltd., Grimsby.

OAK CLUBS require LIVE AGENTS. Chocs, Fancy Leather Goods, Toys, Jewellery, etc. Highest CASH com.—123b, Oak Lane, Bradford.

10/6 RAINCOAT delivered now on FREE Offer to Agents for the SHIELD XMAS CLUB. Write now for Self-Measurement Form, together with a 158-page catalogue of Chocolates, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc., and details of big cash commission, Free Gifts, etc., to:—THE SHIELD XMAS CLUB (Dept. 14), BRADFORD.

HIGHEST COMM. Xmas Club Agents, Chocs., Drapery, Fancy Goods, Toys. Handsome Free Gift Every Agent. Huge Catalogue. No outlay. —A. Gould, Hartley Hill, Leeds.

XMAS CLUBS.—Spare-time Agents wanted for Oldest, Largest and Best Club. Write for Giant Art Catalogue and full parties. No outlay. Excellent commission. Free Gift to all applicants. —Samuel Driver, Ltd. Burton Road, Leeds.

25s. TO THE £ VALUES.—Agents wanted for the Great Advance. Finest Christmas Club Catalogue ever published now ready. Best Values. Highest Comm. Bonus Gift Scheme. Earn bigger money this year. Write now for Catalogue and complete Outfit. Advance Stores, Ltd. (Dept. 28), Austral House, Bradford.

ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION assured to ALL British Guarantee Supply Co.'s XMAS CLUB AGENTS. Highest CASH commission. Catalogue of 900 lines free.—Manor Row, Bradford.

N.A.C.C.O. is an Association consisting of the leading firms in the Xmas Club Trade.
Its members are pledged to give Agents and Customers absolute satisfaction.
If not in touch with a firm of the N.A.C.C.O. write THE SECRETARY, 25 SUNBRIDGE ROAD, BRADFORD.

XMAS CLUBS.—Agents wanted. Highest Cash Comm. Art Catalogue. Best makes. No outlay. PIRATHS (Dept. A.), 112, Vicar Lane, Leeds.

A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. REMARKABLE NOVELTIES IN FLORAL DESIGNS, CALENDARS, BLOTTER, ANIMAL STUDIES, NOTEPAPERS AND CARDS OF EXTRAORDINARY VARIETY FOR ALL TASTES. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES.—WRITE STEWARTS, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

THE BEST STORM COAT ON THE MARKET

The BARRYSTER

THE NEW CLOTH-SELF-LINED ALL WEATHER COAT WEIGHING EVEN LESS THAN THE LIGHTEST RUBBER BACKED FEATHERWEIGHT

There is no longer any need for the inside of your storm-coat to be covered with perspiration.

THE BARRYSTER PUTS AN END TO THIS EVIL

Every Barryster is of first-class workmanship throughout, with distinctive features to be found in coats costing 4 and 5 times the price.

WORTH £3·3·0
POST PAID TO YOUR DOOR
14/6
OR SENT CASH ON DELIVERY, IF PREFERRED

Postage Abroad 3/6 extra

IN FAWN OR PUTTY SHADE

THE BARRYSTER CARRIES A TWO YEARS' GUARANTEE

and is sold with our full confidence as to your complete satisfaction.

YOUR BEST DEFENCE IN ALL WEATHERS.

Post us your remittance for 14/6 for this amazing coat, giving us your height and size round chest *over waistcoat*, and stating whether Fawn or Putty Shade Barryster is preferred.

THE BEST TAILORING VALUE IN THE WORLD

BARRY'S FAMOUS LOUNGE SUIT 37/6 TO MEASURE

BARRY'S FAMOUS 000 FLANNEL TROUSERS 10/6 TO MEASURE

BARRY'S FAMOUS 100% ALL WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT 45/- TO MEASURE

FREE! Send for Free Patterns

Call or Write

S. A. BARRY & CO. LTD.
(J.B. Dept) 26 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

Call or Write

AGENTS and House-to-House Canvassers. Wonderful new 6d. line. Sells at sight. Big profits. Send 3d. for sample and terms.—PENN, Dept. X, 682, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS — COMMERCIAL AND PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. Free Employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards), write for free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

POLICE.—For details of openings, pay and promotion in all Town and Country Forces (ages 19-27; height over 5' 9"), write for Free Police Handbook B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford St., W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (No experience required.) Commence over £4 per week. Ages 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam., B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

CUSTOMS & EXCISE OFFICERS. Ages 19-21. Commencing pay £3 4s., rising to £10 15s. per week. No experience required. Details of entrance Exam. from B.T.I. (Dept. 901), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

WOOL SALE.—Sports 1d. oz. Fins. 1½d., Tweed Marls 1½d., Crochet 2½d., Silky 3½d., Rug Wool 8d., 11d., 1/3, 1/6 lb. Samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. ((Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

GENT'S Fancy Hosiery. Smart and Durable. Neat patterns, 3 pairs 1/-, 6 pairs 1/9. Post free. —J. Hayward, 21, Alconbury Rd., London, E.5.

A WONDERFUL new covering for Damp Floors, &c. Looks like Tudor tiles. 90 sq. ft. 15/-. Send for free samples and partics. to J. B. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Sq., Walworth Rd., S.E.17.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-, 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

FREE Patterns of Suitings are offered in the large advt. on this page.

GET YOUR NEW CYCLE NOW and pay while you ride. The offers on Page 12 will appeal to your pocket.

"JOHN BULL'S" "Shop Window" is filled with bargains every week. See page 12.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOS, Motors, Arms, Speakers, Horns, Parts, Springs, Repairs, Radio Discount allowed. List free.—Regentbull, 120, Old St., Ldn., E.C.1.

PIANO-ACCORDIANS, all other instruments. 44-page catalogue free.—Terms. Raymond, J.B., 750a, London Road, Thornton Heath, London.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA! TEA!! TEA!!! Cheapest House for Guaranteed Empire Blends. Packed in ¼-lbs. from 1/-lb.: Write for Price Lists and Samples.—PORTWAY TEA CO., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy 1/3, 3/-. Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 2d.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (182G), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemosol Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliance. Send 1½d. stamp for Free Booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemosol Laboratories, 1, Ramsden Road, London, S.W.12.

CARZINE.
The new and most successful remedy for PILES. Does not contain opium or any other dangerous drug. Full-sized Tube with special applicator 2/6 post free.—CARZINE CHEMICAL CO., 1, Wellgate, LANARK, N.B.

FOR the too-active brain Allenbury's Diet is the best night-cap. Send 3d. stamps for ¼-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.3), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

LEG Troubles—Turn to p. 14. A free booklet describing the "Tremol" Treatment is offered free of charge to readers filling in the coupon.

HOLIDAYS are spoilt by constipation. Guard against it by taking "Feenamint," the safe, pleasant chewing laxative. A free sample will be sent in return for a 1½d. stamp to cover postage, etc. Address: White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. H2), 15, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

A FREE SAMPLE of "Vegetine" brand Pills will be sent on application to F. Newtery and Sons, Ltd. (Dept. B.), 33, Banner St., Ldn., EC1.

BANISH CATARRH.—A free sample test and full directions is offered by Angus Sinclair, 51F, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. Enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

INDIGESTION SUFFERERS can obtain a free sample of Birley's Antacid Powder by writing to Birley's Antacid, Ltd., 16, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N.1, and mentioning *John Bull*.

FREE.—"Fennings" "Every Mother's Book." See p. 27.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum, Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

WRITE for free copy of the "Black Cat" Gift Book. Address: Black Cat, "Gifts Dept. B." Arcadia Works, Hampstead Rd., London, N.W.1. Some of the excellent gifts are illustrated in the advt. on p. 4.

ONE of the most successful beauty aids of modern times is POTTER & MOORE'S POWDER CREAM. Leading actresses on stage and screen have endorsed its beauty-giving qualities. Its phenomenal success is attributable to the quality of its ingredients because it comprises Face Powder of the finest quality, subtly blended with exquisite Vanishing Cream and perfumed with lovely Mitcham Lavender. It clings perfectly, doesn't clog the pores, and is delightfully easy to apply. It is obtainable in mirror-fitted jars which cost only 1/-.

POST your Films to W. R. Rose, and write for illustrated list "J.B.". See p. 21.

THERE is every opportunity now to enjoy your "SHREDDED WHEAT" more often because summer fruits are plentiful and cheap, and "Shredded Wheat" with fruit makes a delicious dish for lunch, tea or supper. "Shredded Wheat" is wholesome and easy to digest, needs no cooking nor preparation. Serve it to-day. See p. 23.

PURE Beer easily made at home! Turn to the Viggormalt advt. on p. 22. A trial size is offered and free yeast is supplied with each tin.

FREE.—Fill in coupon in NESTLE'S CHOCOLATE advt. on p. 25 for copy of the NEW Free Gift Book and voucher for 5 free coupons.

A FREE SAMPLE TUBE of "Euthymol" Tooth Paste, which prevents dental decay, will be sent to every reader who fills in the coupon in the advt. on p. 29. Send while you think of it.

SAMPLES of Cuticura preparations are offered in the advt. on p. 30. Mention *John Bull*.

EVERY READER ought to have the HARPIC Useful Home Book. Simply send 6d. in stamps to Harpic Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. P.13), Hull.

STOP brushing teeth by old methods. Write to the Pepsodent Co. (Dept. 69), Park Royal Rd., London, N.W.10, for a free 10-day tube of "PEPSODENT" TOOTH PASTE. Enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

FREE.—4 3d. Razor Blades given away with every 1/- new Patent Razor. Simply send 1/- to Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

FREE.—Send p.c. to Agfa, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 1/4, Lawrence St., High St., W.C.2, for amusing free booklet. Offer appears in advt. on p. 29.

FREE.—A very beautiful book, containing hundreds of most valuable Free Gifts given in exchange for coupons from "KENSITAS" CIGARETTES (5 of which appear in every packet of 20), will be sent to every reader who writes, mentioning *John Bull*, to J. Wix & Sons, Ltd., 210, Old St., London, E.C.1.

Amazing Seaside Baths Scandal

The Bournemouth Corporation Baths, scene of a most disquieting death mystery

BOURNEMOUTH is justifiably proud of its reputation and its ability to attract countless thousands of visitors from all parts of the country. It has also shown itself proud of a certain "exclusiveness" and superiority over other resorts.

But a disquieting tragedy reflecting gravely on its municipal administration has just been brought to our notice.

It seems desirable, in the public interest, that the facts, which have so far been suppressed, should be made known, for they concern the death of a visitor in circumstances which call for a full enquiry.

On a day in June, Frederick Charles Marsh, a farmer, aged sixty-five, of Hale Farm, Idmiston, near Salisbury, went with members of his family on a motor trip to Bournemouth.

A reason for that excursion was the intention of Mr. Marsh, who had been suffering slightly from rheumatism, to take a hot sea-water bath. The Bournemouth Corporation advertises its baths under the slogan "Leave your rheumatism here."

Just before two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr Marsh said good-bye at the entrance to the baths to his son and daughter.

That was the last they saw of their father alive.

The arrangement made was that Mr. Marsh, after bathing, would sit for a time on the front, and that the party should reassemble again for tea.

Ghastly discovery

Mr. Marsh paid his money at the ticket office of the bathing establishment on Pier Approach, and was shown to a private bathroom by a young woman attendant. The hot bath was prepared for him and he was left alone.

By six o'clock, Mr. Marsh had not rejoined his relatives, and they were beginning to wonder what was keeping him.

At half-past six, Miss Marsh, the daughter, becoming anxious, made enquiries at the baths as to when her father had departed.

"He must have gone a long time ago," an official told her, but added that he would go to the private baths and see.

When the attendant went to the bathroom, he found that Frederick Marsh was sitting dead in the filled bath.

Although it is a rule at the Corporation baths that no visitor must occupy a bathroom for more than 30 minutes, and that an attendant should make a tour of the bathroom corridor every fifteen minutes, *Mr. Marsh had actually been left there for more than four hours!*

It was discovered also that the bath was overflowing. The hot water supply cock had not been turned quite off, and a trickle of scalding hot water had been entering the bath all the time.

No inquest!

The body of the unfortunate visitor to Bournemouth was actually par-boiled. Its condition was such that the skin on the arms and the legs was hanging loose. Indeed, it was impossible for the attendants to raise the body from the bath with their hands. When they gripped the dead man, the skin of his arms came away, and they could only lift the body by placing towels underneath to form a kind of sling.

Of course a doctor was immediately summoned, and was on the spot in five minutes. Then the police came to take charge.

The distressed daughter and son were told that an inquest would be held in due course, and they would be required to attend as witnesses.

That night the body of Frederick Marsh was left at the bath house, laid out on a settee.

Next day, to their amazement, a message was received from the police by Miss Marsh and her brother that an inquest would not be held.

A post-mortem examination, carried out on the instructions of the Coroner, Mr. F. G. Lefroy, had revealed that the death was a natural one—sudden heart failure due to degenerated muscles of the heart. A second doctor, who examined the body at the request of the relatives, confirmed this opinion.

So the death of Frederick Charles Marsh was formally certified by the Coroner "after post-mortem, without inquest."

Whether an inquest should be held or not is a matter entirely in the discretion of the Coroner to whom a sudden death is reported.

But in view of all the amazing circumstances surrounding the death of Frederick Charles Marsh—now made public for the first time through the investigation of JOHN BULL—it seems unfortunate, to say the least, that no Coroner's investigation was made in this case.

No public enquiry of any kind has been held into the administration of these Corporation Baths which can permit a dead man to lie in a bath for more than four hours.

For the credit of the municipal borough of Bournemouth—which lives upon its holiday visitors—a public investigation should certainly have been held.

It is a thousand pities that what amounts to a "hush-hush" policy should have been adopted, particularly as a series of complaints has recently accumulated about these baths.

Quite obviously the Corporation members are highly sensitive to the possibility of criticism concerning recent events in their baths, for a notice has been posted in the staff room declaring that a serious view will be taken if information appertaining to the baths is divulged to the public.

Strong letters on the question of the condition of the water in the swimming-bath have recently been sent to the chairman of the Bournemouth Baths Committee by officials of an important swimming club.

It was ascertained by the secretary to the club that on one occasion the water in the swimming pool had not been changed for ten days!

When the members of the club arrived at the baths for their evening's swimming the water was so dirty that they refused to go in.

Foul water

The excuse for this non-changing of the swimming-bath water was a repair of the pumping machinery. For ten days the water stood in the bath.

During this period this same dirty water was also being used after heating for the hot sea-water baths, which are advertised to cure rheumatism.

During the Easter holiday, the swimming bath was used by more than 1,400 people without the water being changed. Then the water was so foul that it was impossible to see the joints between the tiles at the bottom of the bath at the shallow end.

On another occasion it was found that the man responsible for pumping out the bath, cleaning it and refilling from the sea was not carrying out his work properly.

He was only partially emptying the bath and then refilling it, so that a proportion of the water was never changed at all.

Find out why!

The best they do at the Bournemouth Corporation sea swimming baths in the way of changing the water (when the pumping machinery is working properly) is once a week in the winter and three times a week in the summer. And during a year more than 50,000 people use those baths.

Daily fresh water is evidently not one of the charms of Bournemouth at the Corporation Baths. There is plenty of sea at Bournemouth—but not in the baths.

We urge the Corporation to hold a full and public enquiry into these complaints in general, and particularly into the tragedy of Frederick Marsh—not only in the public interest, but in the interest of its own good name.

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

A BITTER BLOW

A JOHN BULL reader, of whose identity I am ignorant, writes in great distress of mind to put a case before me on which I am asked to say something which may help.

The facts are briefly as follows: A husband and wife have lived together for many years in perfect accord. He is represented as being as good and kind a man as any woman could desire to have for her partner in life; she has always been as devoted to him as he to her, and she has had unlimited trust in him.

That trust has been suddenly shattered and their mutual happiness ruined by a shocking revelation. Years ago the wife admitted into her home a near relative who was in straits at the time.

How long the arrangement lasted is not stated; it appears to have ended amicably enough; but the other day the visitor returned to make the horrible confession that while under this hospitable roof she had done her hostess as great a wrong as one woman can do another.

* * *

The sin had been preying on her mind ever since its commission, until at length she felt unable to keep the guilty secret any longer. But in telling it she has broken this poor little wife's heart. The injured woman is so shocked and bewildered that at the moment she cannot see what she ought to do.

To her the wrong seems aggravated by the knowledge that the husband she idolised was capable of betraying her and that a person for whom she was sacrificing her own comfort had lured him to do so.

* * *

Their conduct looks bad and is bad, and I am not trying to excuse them when I say that it is not as bad as it looks. These two offenders did not deliberately mean to wrong the third party they both loved; they were carried away by that humiliatingly treacherous thing—animal passion. I don't suppose they pretend that they were in love with each other. No, they were playing with fire and got burnt.

Their principal fault was that they must have known the danger and did not take pains to avoid it. They slipped into a shameful situation by not keeping sufficient guard over their lower impulses.

The evil has been done, however; the suffering has been caused to all concerned, but chiefly to the wife in the case; can anything be done to rectify it? Yes, I think it can but it will be hard.

Let me say to her who is the victim of the vile transgression now repented of: Here is a chance for you to rise to a great moral height. Can you do it?

Note the pathos of the confession that has been made to you. You can see how terribly the memory of what they have done has been gnawing at the conscience of these two people. They have been feeling mean and filthy in their own eyes, and they would continue to do so even if they defended themselves and resented your reproaches or ignored your grief.

* * *

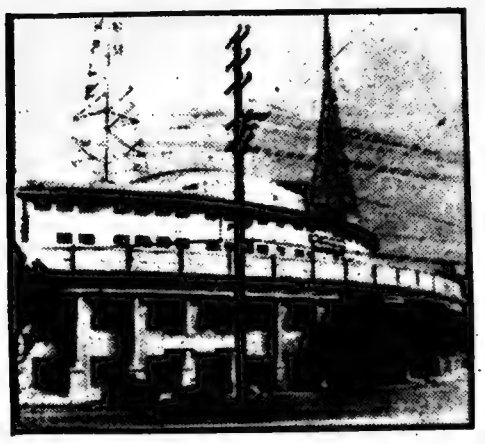
Let that other woman keep her distance in future; it is the only safe course to take and will spare you and your man a lot of pain.

Yours is now the difficult task of making him yours more fully and on a higher level than ever before. You can do it if you can cease to think about yourself and your sorrow and concentrate upon him and his need of you.

Don't miss the chance: it is the biggest of your life. Don't begin well and then relapse. Keep on; fight yourself and your moods for the sake of your own happiness and his. You can win.

The Biggest SPOOFER in RELIGION

Aimee and Husband Number Three indulge in a little harmony . . . but discord soon crept in



The vast stage where struts the Gospel-Gold-Digger—Angelus Temple, Los Angeles

Aimee also preaches "love and tenderness towards animals"—and from this pulpit it is remarkably good publicity

YOU would think that the greatest adventuress of the age, the most plausible hoaxer of a generation, would be found anywhere but in a temple.

But in a temple you will find her—a temple as big as the Albert Hall, and a hundred times more resplendent.

There, facing 5,000 worshippers, at the very focus of all their eyes, wearing the white robes of a blameless life and putting over her best actress stuff in the glare of spotlights intended for herself alone, you will find—when she is not "evangelising" elsewhere—the woman who answers this description.

She has just rushed home from Paris because her third husband was threatening to divorce her. He said that her latest publicity escapade, sending a hoax cable saying that a son had been born to her in France, had made him look ridiculous.

Yet her sadly stupid followers, some hundreds of thousands in number, will have forgiven her by now, as he has done. They have had to forgive her far worse before.

Aimee Semple McPherson is her name. It is a name that will not be unknown to you. You have probably heard that she has made hundreds of thousands of converts to her strange Four Square religion in America. She has made far more in dollars.

All Britain will remember her revivalist campaigns here in 1926 and 1928, when, to suggest simplicity and self-sacrifice and due humility, she wore the prim dress of a servant girl. She was staying at the time in one of the best suites of one of the best hotels in London.

She filled the Albert Hall several times, but not as often as she has filled her own pockets.

No, a small thing like a hoax cable is not going to be the downfall of a woman like Aimee McPherson.

Who is this gospel gold-digger who, by shrewd use of her powers as a spellbinder, actress and romanticist, has exploited that puritanical element it is not hard to rouse to frenzied fervour in present-day America?

Until now she has been spoken of and written about as one of those queer personalities that are thrown up at intervals in the United States, and who, often merely because of their eccentricity, are always assured of a following.

A great "figure"

But the object of this JOHN BULL disclosure is to show—because she might soon be seeking to come to Britain again—that this Saleswoman of Salvation is no more "queer" or "eccentric" than the average share-pusher.

She is a pretty woman, blue-eyed, possessed of a pyramidical pile of hair that is always luxuriant, whether Titian or blonde is the shade she is favouring at the moment, and who not only owns a pair of silk-clad legs that a mannequin might envy, but has the ability to show them off, when off duty, to advantage. This praise of her figure seems to exhaust everything that can be said in her favour.

Not even can the fact that she has built up a huge religious movement in her own country, of which her huge Angelus Temple and her private broadcasting station, enabling her to preach to hundreds of congregations at once, are but a part, can be mentioned to her credit.

To Los Angeles, where her temple is situated, go thousands of simple cattle men and dealers from Iowa and neighbouring States in their retirement, with their ample savings. These a woman of Aimee's cunning can twist round her little finger, and they become the backbone of her so-called faith.

Externally, her temple is a very beautiful building, one that some of the smaller countries would be proud and happy to call their cathedral. But, internally, it is a mixture of kinema - cum - theatre-cum-casino cum-church that would horrify any religious person whose brain had not been drugged by the tricks of Aimee McPherson. Across the floor, near the altar, flows a miniature River Jordan, into which she pushes all her pathetic converts.

In the sanctuary there is a row of eye-torturing petrol pumps labelled "Spirit of Good," "Spirit of Greed," "Spirit of Envy," and so on.

On the lectern there is the Bible. It had to be the biggest Bible in the world, of course.

Tin halos

And for Aimee herself, there is a real stage on which, at the parting of the curtains, she can be revealed posing beneath the spotlights, or bowing her thanks in the manner of a successful opera singer, as we saw her do when she was in England.

Her service is disgusting, as a service must be in any "place of worship" with its own staff of stage-hands and stage-electricians.

Beautiful old English hymns and stirring American revivalist hymns are sung to jazz tunes, some of them theme tunes fresh from the Talkies. The choir is equipped with tin wings and tin halos to give each member the appearance of an angel.

She will dance a hornpipe as she sings. Or she will pretend to be climbing a ladder. She will roll her eyes and shrug her shoulders in the manner of a negro singing a hot-mammy song. Or she will hammer a board to convey the sound made when the nails were hammered through the hands and feet of Christ.

And as she does it the spotlights flame out with added brilliance, and the atmosphere of cheap theatricality is heightened until any but her poor dupes would be nauseated.

Her "hold up"

When there were too many coins in the collecting boxes she put strings across the temple in front of each row of seats, from which a clothes peg dangled for each worshipper. And by demanding "Hang up your washing" at just the right moment she shamed everybody into giving at least a dollar bill, even those who could little afford more than five cents.

Sometimes cripples go into this temple with hopeful hearts. A pathetic faith has brought them from all parts of America.

The lights are turned low, soft music is played, the air is tense with emotion, Aimee stands spotlighted in a dim church—and the poor souls go out just as they came in.

Local leaders of religion have proved that there are no "cures." They have said that "if God wants to cure He will not do it through Mrs. McPherson, and at least He will make a job of it."

But the awful "cure" play-acting goes on.

Aimee actually told her poor deluded congregation that she had prayed to God to make her daughter's shoes a size bigger, and that by morning. He had done so. "God is not in the shoe-stretching business," said a local clergyman, but not vehemence, sarcasm or anger can undo the damage done to sensitive minds by an Aimee McPherson.

The story of her life is a story of trickery and subterfuge on a rising scale as she has grown older.

She was born in Canada forty-five years ago of Scottish-Canadian parents. At seventeen she married a sincere and good man, Robert Semple, who went to China as a missionary, and took her with him.

Had he lived she might have been the hard-working, self-sacrificing wife of a missionary to-day, and a credit to the Christian faith. But he died and left her with a baby daughter, and she embarked on her idea of becoming the world's greatest religious crusader.

Grocer's wife

She was using every conceivable dramatic device to this end when, returning to America, she married Harold McPherson, a grocery salesman, whom she divorced in 1921 because she found the life she was living was too dull.

It was then that she established her famous Angelus Temple as the headquarters of the Four Square gospel, making her mother, Mary Kennedy ("Ma" Kennedy to every American), her business manager.

In three years she had made £100,000.

She has never attempted to deny recent allegations by the Rev. Robert Shuler, the "Woodbine Willie" of America, that she has made 9,000,000 dollars out of religion, and "invested it in real estate for the glory of God."

Soon her broadcasting station was in full blast. And by the time she made her first visit to England in 1926 the prosperity she had aimed at was assured.

Many will remember that visit.

She asked England to renounce dancing, cards, smoking and drinking, and admitted making up her lips on the way over.

She appeared in public as the simple servant girl, and lived like a millionairess behind the scenes.

She was taxed with these and other contradictions and denied nothing. "Christ was accused of being a glutton," was her answer.

By such wild evasions as these

"The greatest adventuress of the age"—Aimee Semple McPherson

Aimee Semple McPherson has always managed to get out of a hole.

She returned to America to step into the very worst scandal of her career.

One day her secretary ran round in wild circles at a local seaside resort and declared that Aimee was missing.

She had dictated a sermon in a beach tent, gone out to swim, and had not been seen again.

Airmen circled the sea till night. Divers went down into the depths. Grappling irons raked the sea-bottom. And although a police-sergeant swore he had seen her making inland in a fast car, scores of men went on risking their lives on behalf of Aimee McPherson.

For six weeks she was missing, with her foolish followers a... the time prophesying her Second Coming. Then she reappeared at Carmel with the story of how she had been abducted by Mexican bandits and marched across the Arizona desert to a hut, in which she had suffered the most terrible privations a woman could possibly undergo.

The police searched the Arizona desert for that hut, but neither they nor she could find it.

And then a bombshell burst. Five witnesses came forward and picked her out as the woman who had been sharing a delightful cottage retreat at Carmel with Mr. Kenneth Ormiston, a young radio operator at Aimee's own wireless station.

"Love-offering"

Both she and her mother were committed for trial on a charge of conspiracy. But a woman came forward who said it was she who was with Mr. Ormiston, and not Aimee; and an acquittal was announced by Judge Hardy of the Supreme Court.

There were rejoicings, of course. Prayers of thanksgiving. The popularity of this strange religion flamed to greater heights. But finally came a reaction that shook Aimee's reputation as nothing else had done.

While she was addressing 5,000 people at the Albert Hall on the night of December 15, 1928, Judge Hardy was told that he was accused of accepting a bribe of £500 from Mrs. McPherson in connection with the case.

There were statements in court that £160,000 had been spent in bribery to secure the acquittal. Aimee pleaded that she had only given the judge £500 as "a love offering for the work he had done for the church."

The woman who had taken the blame for being with Mr. Ormiston—whose wife had divorced him in the meantime—said she had lied to save Mrs. McPherson at the request of Judge Hardy.

Blasphemy . .

And the next and last scene in that scandalous and tragic story was one of the broken judge standing before the State Senate Court, pleading that his good name and long service should be taken into consideration before they pronounced the sentence of expulsion that was to end his career in disgrace.

But Aimee McPherson didn't let a tragedy like this interfere with *her* career. When people tried to question her about the scandal during her revival meetings in England in 1928 they were drowned by brass band and concerted singing.

On another occasion the resourceful Mrs. McPherson avoided further argument by saying she was only being persecuted "like John the Baptist."

She became meek and lowly then, because it suited the moment. "Not that I dare mention myself with John the Baptist," she said. "I am but the humblest child of God."

And all the time the printing machines back in America were printing a book in which she was guilty of what has been called the supreme act of blasphemy. Here is a sample of it:

"Then I looked and, behold, a new creation as of a beautiful woman. She approached. I beheld her white raiment, dazzling as the snow in the sunshine. Her movements were gracious and tender.

"Her eyes were as tender as a doe's. Her lips were pure and dropped as the honeycomb. No foolishness, no criticism, marred their sweetness. No fleshly words.

"Her ears were kept for Him alone. Her lover, her bridegroom, her King.

"As she drew nigh I gazed with amazement into her face and saw it was—*myself*.

"I heard the voice of the Master speaking unto me, saying, 'This is My beloved.'"

And yet, "I am the humblest child of God," she told English audiences.

"Turn her out," the Rev. W. E. Pietsch, of Los Angeles, urged when she came to London. "She is a twentieth century Jezebel. Shun her, for she will wreck your churches, fill your lunatic asylums, and leave a trail of wrecked homes, broken hearts and misery."

But she didn't deceive London. At the end of her visit she was preaching to empty seats—and went back to America to make the public statement that the queues at her services had spread miles—from the Albert Hall to Charing Cross!

History has moved fast with Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson since then.

She went to the Holy Land and bathed in Biblical dress in the Jordan—to confess, later, that she was only getting atmosphere for an opera all the time.

She had to face, in turn, Bible students who alleged misrepresentation against her in connection with real estate deals, income-tax authorities who said she had failed to declare £4,000 of her income, magistrates who fined her for "forgetting" to declare certain fashionable garments—including pyjamas—she had taken in to America, and a film company who alleged a breach of contract.

A new face

She quarrelled with her mother—and hit her on the nose during a fist-fight!

She announced that she herself had gone blind, and had an appeal for prayers posted on the gates of her Temple, until her doctor said, "There's nothing wrong with her eyes," and her mother added: "She is recovering from a face-lifting operation. We both had one."

After "Ma" openly declared that the Temple was full of "corruptness, deceit and double-dealing," her daughter had a strange illness, and it was revealed that it was due to over-eager slimming.

Then she turned to new matrimonial adventure. She married David Hutton, an English convert, an 18-stone member of her tin-winged choir. And this, her third marriage, was "solemnised" at two o'clock on a Sunday morning, while the couple flew in the dark in an aeroplane. And the bride was preaching in the pulpit as usual six hours later. That's one of Aimee's ways.

There followed recently a rare period of freedom from scandal of any kind, with Aimee in Paris and her husband in America.

Aimee goes on—

Then came her hoax cable, which she says she forwarded to her husband because news she was sending to him was leaking out somehow, and she wanted to find out how. "A boy!" it said. "Weighs nine pounds."

And then the news that he said she made him ridiculous and he was divorcing her, followed by the story of his forgiveness.

Aimee McPherson has gone to her deluded followers before and brought them round to her with her singing of "Just as I am, without one plea." No doubt she will do so again.

Who can beat a woman who asks everyone in her audience to shake hands with three people round and say "God bless you"? And who has a hundred more tricks just as good?

While there is money in Los Angeles, Aimee, the Gospel Gold-digger, will be there. And that will always be there—and with it the biggest spoofer in religion of our times.

ALWAYS ALONE

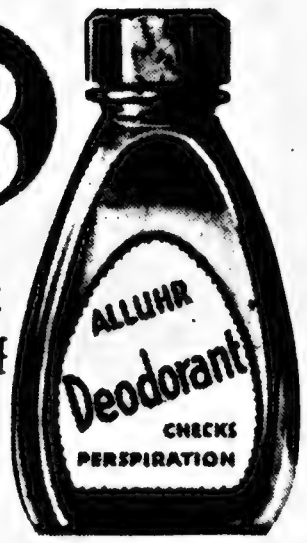
—yet a Lovely Girl

*

WHILST other girls, surrounded by admirers, enjoy summer gaiety to the full, she has to watch. And yet she could so easily be more popular than they. Hot summer days make absolute freshness so difficult, unless an efficient perspiration corrective is used. ALLUHR DEODORANT is harmless, effective and simple to use. It will ensure that unpleasant underarm odour disappears, and will protect your frock from ruin by perspiration acids. Make the most of summer days by taking this pleasant way to dainty freshness. A little touch of Alluhr Deodorant occasionally will increase your popularity, and save you expense from ruined frocks.

1/3 PER LARGE BOTTLE

DAINTY HANDBAG SIZE. 6D



ALLUHR DEODORANT

Of all chemists, hairdressers, and stores.
In case of difficulty write to :—

ALLUHR BEAUTY PRODUCTS LTD.
(Dept. 514),
1, Hardwick Street, London, E.C.1

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories —47—

ALONE —

THE care of the mentally unbalanced is a job that is unlike any other. It may not be going too far to say that it takes first place among occupations entailing possible risk to life, for danger can never be put absolutely out of reach for even the briefest space of time as it can with most other risky jobs, but is ever present.

Like some lurking unseen beast of the jungle, danger with the insane leaps out with unexpected lightning suddenness. Often with no premonitory warning, so that the most careful and alert watcher cannot be quite certain of not being taken by surprise, despite the utmost vigilance.

Thus it is that those who undertake the care of the unfortunate men and women whose minds have become, sometimes only temporarily, but often permanently, unhinged have to be chosen with great care.

Special mental and physical training are called for in order to fit attendants for a job that demands qualities that are not so essential for other branches of the profession.

These are keen alertness of mind, the ability to make an instantaneous decision in the face of emergency where a second's hesitation might mean the difference between life and death, and great physical strength.

At the time of which I write I had had ten years' successful work as a mental attendant. I had, if I may say so without running the risk of being deemed unduly egotistical, every necessary qualification for a job under the continual strain of which so many break down.

I had the right sympathetic nature which is really the first essential to success; I had trained my mind to quick thinking and prompt action of body response, and I had a splendid physique.

NO athlete kept himself trained to the last ounce more thoroughly than I did. Had I not possessed the three foregoing qualities I certainly should not be writing this story of the most terrible half-minute I ever lived through or am likely to experience again.

For several years I had been the chief attendant at a private mental institution in the country. A very wealthy woman, whose son had been almost miraculously brought back to sane, healthy life, purchased one of the largest and most beautifully situated estates in the county, and, regardless of expense, equipped and fitted it out as a private mental institution.

The charges were probably the highest of any similar institution in the country, but well-to-do relatives of patients needing every skill and care that money could procure did not cavil at the fees.

They had the satisfaction of knowing that the afflicted dependents were as safe and made as happy as it was humanly possible to make them.

The superintendent was a clever doctor who sacrificed a lucrative practice to make it his life-work, and I was put in charge of the male nursing staff.

One morning, much earlier than usual, the doctor called me into his room.

"We are to receive a special patient to-day," he said. "It is rather a unique case in many ways, and will need special treatment and care. I made the final arrangements yesterday, and he will be brought in at four o'clock."

He detailed the case to me in the customary way, giving me the history, which certainly was very interesting. The patient was a man of exceptionally good family, some thirty years of age, who had literally burnt his brain nearly out by prolonged over-study.

A SUDDEN, unprovoked murderous attack upon his valet while the man was shaving him had loosened the floodgates of the pent-up mania that had been simmering in his brain, unsuspected by anybody, for a long time, and the ensuing examination necessitated him being certified as a transient homicidal maniac.

"With our care, I have every hope that we can effect a complete and permanent cure," the doctor went on. "But, as I have said, it is a very peculiar case, and he will need the closest watching I want you to take the night-duty as long as he is here, for we cannot chance even momentary relaxation. You understand?"

"Perfectly, doctor," I replied. "I'll see to all the necessary arrangements at once."

At four o'clock that afternoon the patient arrived, and the satisfied relatives saw him comfortably settled before they left. I saw him a little later with the doctor, and was at once struck by the rather unusual combination of perfect physical and normal mental equipment. A tall man myself, he could have given me a couple of inches in his stockinged feet, and his width of shoulders and chest indicated enormous strength. His head was small and well shaped, with the forehead of a thinker.

But it was his eyes that impressed me most. They were grey eyes, a little deep-set, but wide apart, and they met mine fully with calm deliberation.

An ordinary person would certainly have laughed at the bare idea of even a hint of insanity hidden behind those calm eyes; only to the trained eye were there certain unmistakable signs of maniac-depressive insanity to be detected.

The doctor introduced me, and he shook hands with quiet friendliness, his powerful grip leaving no doubt as to the enormous reserve of strength that would have to be reckoned with were it exerted to the full.

Still retaining my hand, he suddenly smiled—a smile that added to his charm.

"We're just about of a size, you and I," he said, with a laugh. "I can give you an inch or so in height, I expect, but there's not much in it otherwise. Do any boxing?"

"I can stand up without being knocked down in the first ten seconds," I replied, with a glance at the doctor, who nodded. "I keep myself fit with the punch-ball. Perhaps one day the doctor will let us put on the gloves."

"WHY not?" he returned, and the doctor put in genially, "And I'll have a special medal struck for the winner."

Mr. Roxburgh had special apartments, of course. His windows looked out over the grounds and commanded splendid views of the surrounding country. He was amazingly bright and cheerful, apparently oblivious of the fact that he was under restraint or anxious not to show that he realised why he was there, and expressed himself more than satisfied with his quarters.

"For a split second he stood motionless, then he sprang. I caught the hand that held the knife, and pressed the syringe to his neck, praying that it was over the great vein—the jugular"

I left him after the first interview, comfortably settled in an armchair, with a copy of Stevenson's "Island Nights" to read.

Before going on duty for the night, I saw the doctor for a few minutes in his room.

He had already thoroughly gone into the case with me—the usual procedure—and my only fear was that the patient would either openly or secretly resent being stayed with all night.

I was prepared with a suitable reason, of course, if he did question me, but I

...with a MANIAC!

hoped that he would not do so. And my hope was fulfilled. He appeared to notice nothing, nor think it at all unusual for me to be with him after he was comfortably settled in bed.

Once or twice after I had wished him "Good-night" I looked up from my book to find his eyes fixed intently upon me; but he soon dropped off to sleep, and the night passed uneventfully.

A couple of weeks passed quickly, and my special charge had, long before the end of that period, made himself the most popular person in the establishment.

Not the faintest sign or hint did he give of the latent insanity within him, but our vigilance was never relaxed for a single instant.

That this vigilance was justified was proved when, after enjoying successive nights of sound, undisturbed sleep, he began to have spells of restlessness, usually a bad sign.

Once he wanted to get up in the middle of the night and take a walk in the grounds, and for the first time I had to be firm. He was quite tractable and made no resistance, but on the third night the same thing happened again, and this time he was not so amenable.

"I'm not going to lie here awake all night," he said, irritably. "We'll just have half an hour's stroll in the grounds. This room is stifling."

I was prepared for him to say or suggest something like this, and had received full instructions as to what I was to do.

"I will give you something that will send you off to sleep in a few minutes," I said, persuading him to get back into bed, but with some little difficulty. "That will be much better than going out so late, don't you think?"

"Yes, if you *can* give me something so that I can get to sleep," he replied, and lay watching me as I prepared the syringe for a subcutaneous injection.

In about twenty minutes he was sound asleep, but I knew by the doctor's face when I made my report the next morning that he was not altogether satisfied.

HE paced the floor of his room for a few minutes in thoughtful silence, then he turned to me abruptly.

"Paxton," he said quickly, "you must be particularly watchful the next few nights. I need not tell you why."

"I know what you mean, doctor," I replied. "An outbreak is just possible. It may pass, however, if he comes back to natural sleep."

"We must hope so," he said, and I left him with that.

I should, perhaps, explain that there are always certain signs in most mental cases which plainly warn those in charge of a possible outbreak, especially in homicidal cases.

And where the inmate is normally a man of quiet demeanour and considerable intelligence, the need for extra watchfulness when the danger signal appears is vitally necessary.

But the doctor's apprehensions, and also mine, were in a large measure dispelled by our charge's behaviour. The long spells of silent, day-time brooding or thinking into which he had fallen—always one of the most significant signs watched for—passed, and I felt quite certain in my own mind that we should have no trouble.

For many nights he had slept well without the aid of a drug, and I well recall his long and able discussion with the doctor on the relative merits of two great philosophical writers before going to bed on that never-to-be-forgotten night.

But that night he could not get to sleep. Long after midnight he was still awake, quite quiet, but wide awake. Every time I looked up it was to find his eyes fixed upon me with a curious, quiet watchfulness that, almost subconsciously, rang the alarm bell in my brain.

The last time I looked up to find that his eyes were still fixed upon me in the same manner; I put down my book and went over to him.

"Can't sleep?" I said. "How about a little help to-night?"

"I was just going to ask you for it," he replied. "Get the gun ready and me off to sleep."

My proposal and his quick answer put me in a quandary. He had gone so long without the need of anything that I was unprepared. The hypodermic syringe which I had had ready would have to be fetched.

I should not be out of the room a bare five minutes, and though it would have been easy for me to call an assistant to take my place while I was gone, it hardly seemed necessary. It was the one and only mistake of my working life, and it nearly proved a fatal one.

In less than five minutes I was back with the charged syringe, to get the worst turn of my life.

The bed was empty, and the patient gone!

For quite a minute I stood as though turned to stone, my thoughts racing. The first impulse that came to me was to sound the alarm by ringing the emergency bell and summon assistance to cope with the situation. But this I did not do. Instead, I carefully closed the door and went in search of the fugitive.

He could not have got far in the time, and some instinct sent me straight to the place where I was almost certain he would make for, and that was the domestic part of the building where he knew he would find what he wanted—a knife.

IN less than two minutes I was searching the passages, and, finding no sign of him, reached the kitchen. I stood for a few moments listening intently, then I switched on one electric lamp and went cautiously in. No sign of the man I was looking for, and it came to me that I should have to institute a thorough search with others to assist.

It might have been a creak or some other almost imperceptible sound, or perhaps that extra sense that flashes into being in moments of extreme danger. Whatever it was, I suddenly whipped round to see him standing at the other side of the table, looking at me with eyes that I knew the expression of only too well.

He had got what he had come to find and it was gripped in his hand—the pointed, razor-edged carving knife from the kitchen canteen.

For fully a minute we stood thus, one on either side of the table, not two yards separating us. To make a dive for the door was impossible, for he was between me and it. It was equally impossible to come to grips with him, for apart from his immensely superior strength, there was the added force that insanity gives to the weakest body, and he *had that knife!*

With the homicidal fit full upon him, I knew that once upon me, six inches of that shining steel would be in my body before I could resist for as many seconds.

And then, as he slowly circled round the table, a faint ray of hope came to me. My fingers closed over something hard in my hand which I had temporarily forgotten. *The charged hypodermic syringe!*

It was a chance in ten thousand, but just a chance. Injected under the skin, the substance used—hyoscine—takes some twenty minutes before it acts. Introduced intravenously—that is, direct into a vein—insensibility may ensue in thirty seconds.

The thought had scarcely finished forming in my mind before the syringe was in my hand. It was a question of *one* attempt and one only, for I should not have the chance to make a second.

Now the table was no longer between us. For a split second he stood motionless, then he sprang. I caught the wrist of the hand that held the knife, and pressed the syringe to his neck, praying that it was over the great vein—the jugular.

As I drove home the plunger I caught at his wrist with my now free hand, and for the moment held off that murderous knife.

Thirty seconds does not sound long, and I knew if I could hold my own for just that space of time I might be safe, if—*I had been successful in getting the drug into a vein!*

AS he bent my arm sideways as easily as though it had been a twig, his free hand came over to get the knife; but with a superhuman effort I averted his purpose and hung on with a fear that, for the precious seconds that were vital, gave me a strength nearly equal to his own.

But maniacal strength, allied to a naturally phenomenal physique, was beyond the power of the strongest sane man to resist. Yet, even as I abandoned hope, salvation came.

The iron-banded arm I was clinging to suddenly lost its strength. The whole herculean form sagged against me, limp and nerveless, and, with a crash, we came to the floor together.

It was two senseless forms the searchers found, for I had fainted, for the first time—and the last—in my life.

NEXT WEEK: "Drama under the Arches"—absorbing reminiscences of a reader who, as pier master at a famous Thames bridge, has participated in more than 200 river rescues.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

A Helpless Boy Calling

John

JOHN, who is eight years old, is one of six children belonging to an ex-Service man in Wales, who has secured only seven weeks' work since 1929 and finds it a very hard struggle to keep his kiddies, the eldest of whom is twelve and the youngest two years, on his unemployment pay.

Poor John is suffering from severe chorea, and is in bed unable to use his legs or hands. For a time he was heartbroken because his memory and his speech were failing him. His father writes: "I look after him night and day, and, thank God, he is able to speak a little now. I can thank my friends around here for their kindness towards him, bringing him biscuits, milk, fruit and cake."

John's father suffers from the effects of a bayonet wound received in the war. He gets no pension as he accepted a final award in 1922 for malaria. It is not for himself that he asks help, but for his boy, that he may do all that is possible to bring about his complete cure.

"No one is useless in this world," says Dickens, "who lightens the burden of it for anyone else." Here is a little boy with a heavy burden to bear, asking our readers to lighten it for him by sending donations earmarked "John."

These, and subscriptions intended for the Fund generally, which has so many cases to help, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Received, with thanks, £3 from Craig-y-don.

Loveliness

Miss Janet Gaynor, the lovely Fox Film Star.

made even MORE Lovely

No matter how good your complexion may be—a little Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream will make it better.

That is why numerous Stage and Film Stars have chosen this magic combination of Powder and Cream to preserve and enhance their beauty. Used lightly and frequently Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream will give you a beauty of complexion beyond your wildest hopes and without that obviously powdered look or any trace of artificiality. You use it just like a face cream and it gives a perfect matt powder finish.

Obtainable in popular shades and sold everywhere in mirror-fitted jars for the handbag. Price 1/-.

(This price does not apply to I.F.S.).

Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER POWDER-CREAM

From ALL CHEMISTS

SEE THE BRAND "SURE SHIELD" is on every packet or tin.

1½d. & 3d. PACKETS

8½d 1/3

THE TABLET

There is no laxative so effective, safe and gentle as 'SURE SHIELD' Fruit Laxatives.

"SURE SHIELD" BRAND FRUIT LAXATIVES

POST YOUR FILMS TO Will Rose AND GET "MAGNA PRINTS"

(The Prints that are magnified) (Registered)

CHESTER: 22, Bridge Street Row.
OXFORD: 133/134, High Street.
CHELTENHAM: 21, Promenade.

Over 60,000 Receiving Stations. Your nearest Pillar Box or Boots Branch is one of them. Write for list J.B.

Libby's
COOKED CORNED BEEF
A dainty meal for a summer's day

Serve Libby's Corned Beef in slices with salad for midday or evening meals in Summer.

Libby's Corned Beef is tender and appetising and makes a wonderfully inexpensive meal.

In family size tins
Your grocer will supply you

I.C.B. 32-100

CORNS
No matter how old or hard—
GONE IN 2 DAYS!

Pain Stops In Ten Seconds

In ten seconds all pain will be gone! In two days the entire corn can be lifted out whole! So quick and sure is the action of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (with the Medicated Disks included in every packet for obstinate corns). These thin, safe pads end the cause of corns—shoe pressure.

Special sizes for Corns, Callouses, Corns-between-Toes, and Bunions. From all Dr. Scholl Depots, Chemists, Shoe Stores—per packet 1/3d.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

PURE BEER
EASILY MADE AT HOME
Refreshing & Sustaining
FOR 1D PER PINT
ALE OR STOUT

From Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, and all progressive Grocers and Chemists; or send P.O. direct to—VIGGORMALT, Ltd. (Dept. 4H), Davigdor Road, Hove, Sussex.
Trial Size 1/- PER TIN
3 Times Quantity 2/6 tin POST FREE. (Colonial or foreign postage extra).
(State for which when ordering).

VIGGORMALT
PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF
RICH MALT & HOPS ONLY
NO ADULTERATION OR ADDED COLOURING
Simply add cold water FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN

That Green-Eyed MONSTER

A lonely woman in a lonely house. . . . "If she is inclined to be introspective she will begin to brood over her wrongs . . ."

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
Probed by
PHILIP INMAN

Who is JOHN BULL's "Humanist," and always ready to help you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

THIS is the age of ballots. Competitions are held to determine all kinds of questions: What is the best business slogan? Which is the most popular flower? Who is the most fascinating film star?

But I don't remember seeing a contest as to humanity's greatest failing—it will come, however. And some people will plump for gambling, others for drunkenness, others greed, and so on.

These are all devastating in their various ways, but heading the poll, in my judgment, would be jealousy. It causes more misery and destruction than anything else in the world. It gives rise to suspicion and distrust between nations that often lead to war.

The green-eyed monster fills the divorce court and finds work for the coroner. It separates lovers, spoils friendships and ruins confidence.

Here is a letter from a man who, but for this demon, would be as happy as the day is long. He tells me that he is in good employment, does not drink, has two children, lives in a comfortably furnished home which he owns, and has no debts. Three evenings a week he attends technical classes in the expectation of bettering himself at his job.

This is a picture of domestic snugness and well-being that many of my readers less comfortably placed will wish they also enjoyed. But wait a minute. Let us go on with this letter.

"I have never prevented my wife from enjoying herself. She is free to go anywhere she wishes—to dances, kinemas, or to relations or friends. I give her most of the money I earn and never quarrel with her about what she spends."

Yet with all these advantages this wife is not content. She is eaten up by jealousy.

"She is sure I am carrying on with another woman," says my correspondent, "a girl I knew some years before we were married and whom I have not seen for ages. I have reasoned with her, pointing out that she knows very well how my evenings away from home are spent.

"But it is no use. She nagged me so much that the position became unbearable and we eventually had a row. In a fit of temper she came at me with a big poker, threatening to kill me.

"I merely stood up in self-defence, but in her rage she went out and brought back a constable and accused me of persistent cruelty. Now she has gone off, taking the children with her."

And then my correspondent adds this last paragraph:

"Apart from being very jealous-minded, her chief complaint was that I never took her out. But, between my work and my classes, I had practically no free time. I think she should have been reasonable, as I do these things for her benefit as well as for mine."

* * *

IT is in these final words that my correspondent touches what may be the crux of the whole matter. Though he has given his wife much, he has failed to give her just that which she wanted most—a little husbandly attention and an occasional outing in his company.

Very many men forget this simple point, often to their cost. They forget that the long hours spent alone in the house become monotonous, and, if a woman is at all inclined to be introspective, she will begin to brood over her wrongs, real or fancied, until the molehill becomes a mountain.

In the case we are dealing with, it has already led to separation, and very tactful handling will be required if the breach is not to be further widened.

Now, what is the best plan to avoid this? My correspondent has done his best to prove to his wife that her suspicions are groundless. No good, therefore, can come at the moment from further pleading on his part.

But what that woman wants is someone else to have a straight talk with her. Is there not some relation or friend in whose word she has implicit trust? If so, the husband should get hold of that person and show clearly that his wife is in the wrong.

If, by these means reunion is established, let me add a word of caution. That husband must not crow over his so-called victory, otherwise trouble is bound to crop up again. Let him remember that he is partially to blame, and that, when he gets his wife back again, he owes a duty to her as well as to those technical classes.

* * *

NOW let me turn to my second letter:

"Only six months ago," writes this woman, "my husband, my boy of seven and myself were ideally happy. Then, after an outing to Blackpool, my husband's typist, when leaving him, kissed him and thanked him for a very happy day. From that time the trouble started.

"My husband became infatuated with her and started taking her out to dances and dinners. He assures me that nothing has happened between them—she just interests him, that's all. But I am suspicious by nature and all through this period we have had ghastly rows every time he came home and wouldn't say where he had been.

"I saw this girl and she gave me her word of honour that she would stop going out with my husband; but now he has started going off again, night after night, and I am perfectly sure he has started the old game once more. I have threatened to leave him, but, of course, all I really long for is to get back the happiness I enjoyed six months ago."

Now, there is a big difference between the circumstances in this case and those in my first letter. There the wife had no real cause to be jealous. Here, quite frankly, I think she has.

However innocent the association between that husband and that girl has been, I think his treatment of his wife has not been quite fair. If he can afford to take his typist to dances and dinners, then, if "there is nothing in it," he can also afford to treat his own wife in the same way. Then there would be "something in it." It would be a graceful acknowledgment of her work in the home and her care for their son.

But let us be perfectly fair. Has that husband been at all driven to this course? My correspondent says that she is "very suspicious," and that, in consequence, there have been "ghastly rows" between them. That is definitely the wrong way of treating a case of this kind. If the home-life is being made miserable by suspicion and quarrels it is enough to make him seek for happiness and comfort elsewhere.

I cannot help thinking that if my correspondent were to change her tactics, she would accomplish the end she desires. She has been treating the whole thing in such deadly earnestness and her husband has unquestionably been acting from bravado. Let her make the home-life attractive and treat the affair as a joke

One of the problems that recur over and over again is that of the wife with too little to do and a husband who is too busy to spend much time with her. Many women, of course, are fully occupied during the day, and sometimes during the night as well, with children and other household cares. But sometimes this is not so. Here is a typical example of the kind of case I mean:

"My wife and I live in a small flat which, as we have no children, does not give her sufficient to do to occupy her time. A month ago a cousin of hers came home on leave from West Africa, and, as he has nothing to do but enjoy himself, he and my wife have naturally gone about a good deal together.

"I should, of course, be pleased to think that he is giving her a good time, especially as her loneliness in the past has worried me a good deal. Actually, I find myself getting very bothered over the matter. He is a charming fellow, and pays her much attention. I am afraid they may get too fond of each other. Do you think I ought to try and stop the friendship?"

THE surest way to find trouble is to ask for it. And this is what my correspondent would be doing if he voices his fears and suspicions.

His safest plan is to let his wife see that he trusts her absolutely. He might go even a little further than that. Any spare time he could possibly make he should arrange to take her out—even if it meant the three of them going together—but he must not allow his presence to be a "damper." If these two are allowed to feel that he resents their going about together, it will be simply adding a match to the fuel.

"Stolen fruits taste sweetest," we are told. The wife must be made to feel that, while she is "gadding about" with this cousin, she has in the background a reliable and devoted husband.

One more hint: When the cousin has returned to West Africa his wife is bound to miss the companionship she has had. Let my correspondent try to find for her some outlet that will remove her loneliness. She should be induced to take up some work, even if it is only of a voluntary nature.

FRUIT TIME IS *Shredded Wheat* TIME

100% FOOD INSTANTLY READY, NO COOKING

FOR LUNCH, TEA OR SUPPER HAVE SHREDDED WHEAT WITH SUMMER FRUITS . . . LIGHT TASTY AND SO EASY TO PREPARE

Of course you have Shredded Wheat for breakfast . . . everybody does. Now that summer fruits are plentiful and cheap, or to be had for the picking, there is every opportunity to enjoy your Shredded Wheat more often, for Shredded Wheat with Fruit makes a delicious dish for lunch, tea or supper. No food could be more delightfully appetising or more health-giving than this delicious combination of Nature's two greatest gifts. Shredded Wheat is so much more wholesome and easier to digest than pastry and it needs no cooking, no preparation. Gain health and save fuel, time and trouble by serving Shredded Wheat to-day with stewed *Gooseberries, Cherries, Raspberries, Bilberries, Red or Black Currants, etc.*

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE IN ENGLAND BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE

Player's Please

PLAYERS "*MEDIUM*" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · 100's BOXES 4/8ᵈ · FLAT TINS OF 50 2/6

PICNIC PLEASURES.

ONE MASS OF BITES.

A cynic once said that life would be all very well if it weren't for its pleasures. This remark will be endorsed by all of us who have ever returned home from the pleasures of summer with our skin broken and blistered by sunburn—or, alternatively, " one mass of bites " from midges and mosquitos.

Happily, we live to-day in the Milton age—when a bottle of Milton fluid and a tube of Milton ointment take all the sting out of such summer-time disasters. Moreover, their powerful antiseptic properties remove all danger of infection—a danger which otherwise is ever-present when the skin is broken.

In the little book which is packed with every Milton bottle you will find over 150 uses of Milton fully indexed and explained (was there ever another product in the world with as many uses?). And among those uses you will find under paragraph 66 simple instructions as to what to do when sunburnt. Under paragraph 26 you will likewise find the fullest instructions in case of bites and stings.

The great thing about Milton, when used for these particular purposes, is that it not only helps to *cure*, but—particularly in the case of mosquito bites—it affords the most astonishing relief. The itch just simply disappears on the first application of Milton. And only very rarely does it come back!

You can get this remarkable product—as you probably know—for 6d. Milton ointment costs the same. The above tips are really worth remembering.

PUT NEW LIFE INTO HAIR ROOTS

The root in the scalp nourishes the hair. Lavona Hair Tonic feeds the roots.

THE life, colour and beauty of your hair depend almost entirely upon the health and vigour of the roots. To stop hair falling and to restore dull, lifeless hair to its natural luxuriance and beauty, you must feed and stimulate the hair roots. This is best done by massaging the scalp every night with Lavona Hair Tonic, which contains a secret element that feeds and strengthens the hair roots and at the same time destroys dandruff. Why not try Lavona Hair Tonic which costs but 2/3d. a bottle of Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites or any other good chemist and see how much glossier, and more beautiful your hair will look in a few days.

QUICKEST WAY TO GET RID OF CORNS

ONE DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

The most painful corn can't hurt after you apply a drop of 'Freezone' Brand Corn Remover. Two or three applications and the worst corn comes right out! No more corn—no more torture! 'Freezone' Corn Remover *stops pain instantly* and ends every kind of corn in a few nights. Ask Boot's, Taylor's, Timothy White's, or any other good chemist to-day for a 1/3 bottle and remove that corn!

Navy Week starts on Saturday, which gives additional interest to Commander Daniel's article describing the silent changes that are taking place in the Senior Service

The NAVY Shows the Way

The mechanism of the New Navy may appear to dwarf the men—but there are still hearts of oak on the ships of steel

by

Commander H. M. DANIEL

D.S.O., R.N.

THE Navy of to-day is aiming higher than ever in the development of discipline. Tradition has been undergoing a silent revolution in recent years, approved by some and decried by others for the same reasons that politics and religion make sharp cleavages in opinion among those who profess to cherish the same ideal.

One of the most significant developments has been the humanising trend among officers. Although the cat-o'-nine-tails still figures in the King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, for many years a clause has expressly relegated it to an indefinite limbo of obsolete practices.

The Naval officer to-day has a much harder task than his forefathers, because modern discipline has to be maintained by devotion to duty and respect for rank, whereas in olden days it was forced by fear.

Divine Service was regularly "performed" in accordance with the regulations, prayers daily and a sermon on Sunday, but nevertheless brutal practices prevailed which made any profession of piety appear oddly hypocritical. The flowery language of the eighteenth century is out of date, and no man must wear his heart upon his sleeve.

Yet, in spite of the modern vogue for cynicism, it is still neither stilted nor priggish to speak openly of the "Good of the Service," and to-day there prevails a sense of duty as high as any which actuated the famous seamen of history.

Respect for rank is an obvious necessity. Year by year its maintenance depends more and more on *noblesse oblige* and correspondingly less on the glamour of gold lace and fear of punishment.

No private life

These are the main weapons of authority that are steadily ousting imprisonment and other modes of punishment to disrepute.

With the greatly reduced gap, both social and intellectual, between the wardroom and the lower deck, there comes an extra demand for a standard of conduct among officers, high enough to be deemed exemplary by juniors.

Whatever his own shortcomings, the young seaman may be relied upon to know how his officers ought to conduct themselves in private as well as officially! Nor will he be slow to voice his opinions on the messdeck when questionable behaviour comes under review, notwithstanding all the regulations forbidding the criticism of superiors.

"Bear in mind," said a post-captain, "every time you ring the wardroom bell for a drink, the fact is reported forward."

In other words, on board a man-o'-war there can be no private lives; peccadilloes can be suppressed, they cannot be effectually concealed.

Misgivings

The modern tendency in these exacting conditions fills many officers and interested observers with misgivings. They see in them a reversal of the old standard whereby the foc'sle was judged by the quarterdeck; now they fear public opinion will be claiming to act as arbiter of naval destiny within the service no less than in the realm of politics.

What discipline can there be, they ask, in such a *régime?* and sturdily demand the revival of old-fashioned naval martinets brooking no discussions, affording no explanations, but consistently demanding unquestioning obedience from all subordinates.

They might as well ask the flowing tide to ebb. In face of admitted failure on the Continent, men may abandon their blind quest for democracy in favour of the strong dictator. Not so in England, the Home of Parliaments; and maybe future historians will have to record that many lessons of real government were first learned and inwardly digested by the Royal Navy.

This is not surprising when one comes to think that a battleship may be compared to a small township, confined to the narrow limits of one structure.

Every human frailty becomes intensified when living at such close quarters, and the frictions of working hours, instead of dissipating at night by a change of scene and companionship, are only nursed and enlarged by heated discussion until a single molehill becomes—not one, but a range of mountains.

In the last century, oppressed men asked only for better food and clothing. The victualling to-day exceeds all they would have dreamed to ask. Some of this came about gradually, but much has happened in the brief period since the war.

Officers' part

Sports, pastimes and education of the men occupy time and accommodation on board a ship to-day which would have seemed preposterous to a previous generation.

In the committees dealing with these activities officers take an important but non-voting part; their function is to help the men secure the wish of the majority for the good of all, within the broad limits imposed by the regulations.

The time and energy spent in thus building up a ship's morale is found by experience not to be wasted if it produces a contented ship's company and promotes an improved understanding between officers and men.

Command and personality used to be regarded as a gift, bestowed on a fortunate few at birth. Either an officer had it or he had not. The analytical tendency of to-day suggests a more logical explanation of the secrets of success.

New discipline

Like industry ashore, the Navy has suffered from the complications of mechanisation which swept through the Service more quickly than any adjustment could compensate for.

Amongst other things, it has necessitated a new standard of smartness and discipline. Swiftness to the royal yard has yielded place to well-timed working of a hydraulic lever or the accurate setting of a gun-sight.

Discipline is attested by men's behaviour in isolated compartments of a modern ship under stress of circumstance out of sight and hearing of officers or petty officers.

In fact, steam, machinery and improved communications demand a different sort of morale. But whereas more is expected of individual junior ratings, officers are more than ever under the jealous eye of Whitehall until the cynic hardly exaggerates when he declares that a captain to-day must ask permission to blow his nose, and he is lucky if he is not ordered to report the number of times he blows it in one week!

Thus, even the briny ocean cannot protect the Navy from the bane of paper work. But at sea nobody confuses these impositions of the recording angels of Whitehall with the real problems of discipline. The Commanders' stern task of exacting prompt obedience to authority must be tempered with a sympathy born of understanding.

The pendulum may swing on either side of the ideal mean, but the Navy will finally find a solution that will be a model to the world.

NEW BROOMS

We are glad to learn that the British Empire Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Association has elected an Emergency Council with a view to reorganisation.

We had occasion recently to criticise the operations of its headquarters, but we now hear that numerous branches of the association which had done good work are determined to place the organisation on a sound footing.

HEALTH IN EVERY PORE!

MORE THAN JUST "SURFACE CLEANSING"

Make your bath fragrant, refreshing and tonic by adding a 'Reudel' Cube. This oxygenates the water and imparts valuable properties which cleanse the skin-pores as ordinary water never can, enabling them to throw off all toxic and tiring waste. A 'Reudel' bath activates the circulation and tones up the whole system. You step from your bath renewed and revived; full of fresh life and youthful vitality.

'REUDEL' BATH CUBE 2d EACH

Box of one doz. 2/-

Better than a Razor!

AMAZING NEW INVENTION REMOVES HAIR in 3 minutes

No Unpleasant Odour—No Irritation—No Coarse Regrowth

1 *Just apply this new sweetly-scented beauty cream.*

2 *After three minutes wash off. Every trace of hair is gone.*

3 *The skin is left velvety, soft, smooth and white.*

Razors not only make the hair grow faster and thicker. They make a woman's delicate skin sore, irritated and spotty. They leave an ugly, dark patch of stubble. A razor is not only painful to use but you may easily cut yourself with possibly dangerous consequences. Women everywhere are throwing away their razors and abandoning the old fashioned evil-smelling pastes for New Veet (1933).

The New Veet, 1933 formula, is the very latest amazing discovery of science (patent process). Exactly like a delightfully perfumed face cream, and as clean and pleasant to use. The hair simply falls away. Leaves no dark patch like a razor does because the hair is removed *below* the skin surface. New Veet (1933) is recommended by skin specialists as harmless to the most sensitive skin, and safe to use on the face. 6d. & 1/6d. at all Chemists and Hairdressers.

Things you want, things you'll prize—FREE

When you're choosing your gift from the new Nestlé's Gift Book you'll be spoilt for choice. Hundreds of gifts—gifts for everyone—gifts you'll be proud to show your friends! See that camera—only 140 coupons! Look at that zipp-fastened tobacco pouch—for 75 coupons! That wonderful Valet razor—only 65 coupons!

TOBACCO POUCH
Suede leather, zipp-fastened, lined. G.53. 75 Coupons.

BOX CAMERA
English made by Coronet 2½" × 3½", T and I shutter. G.455. 140 Coupons.

"VALET" RAZOR
Leather strop, three blades. G.191. 65 Coupons.

These wonderful Free Gifts are yours just for enjoying Nestlé's Chocolate. Start discovering all the delicious varieties of Nestlé's Chocolate to-day—there is a coupon in all the wrapped varieties from 2d. bars upwards. Before you forget—fill in the coupon for the new Gift Book.

NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE

FIVE FREE COUPONS

To NESTLÉ'S (Gift Dept), Silverthorne Rd., Battersea, London, S.W.8
Please send me the NEW Nestlé's Free Gift Book and Voucher for 5 FREE COUPONS
32/8.33

NAME ..... IN BLOCK CAPITALS

Address .....

This offer applies only to Gt. Britain & N. Ireland. Stamp sufficient if envelope is unsealed.

YOU CANNOT AGE QUICKER THAN YOUR ARTERIES

Prevent their hardening by flushing out through the kidneys the impurities which rob them of their normal elasticity, says medical man.

Constantly forming impurities and poisons, such as uric acid, urate of soda, etc., if allowed to remain in the blood soon deposit on the walls of the arteries which harden and no longer regulate the blood pressure by expanding and contracting. In extreme cases they are unable to cope with the increased flow of blood which follows any shock, excitement or quick exertion. The resultant high blood pressure seriously affects the heart, and in some cases may even prove fatal. If you experience pains around the heart or suffer from palpitation after hurrying upstairs, start to remedy your condition at once. Delay may be dangerous. Drink occasionally a tumbler of water in which you have dissolved a level teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates,' a supply of which is obtainable at slight cost from any chemist. This alkaline medicinal water will quickly neutralise and wash out the acidulous impurities which cause all the trouble. Try this and notice how much better and younger you feel as your arteries are rejuvenated and regain normal elasticity.

ACIDITY THE CAUSE OF INDIGESTION, HEADACHES, INSOMNIA, BILIOUSNESS AND MUCH GENERAL ILL-HEALTH

Every medical man will tell you that most cases of indigestion and allied stomach troubles, headaches, sleeplessness, skin blemishes, mental and physical sluggishness, and even rheumatism, are caused by excess acid in the system, usually originating in the stomach. This acid makes the food in your stomach ferment, causing poisonous toxins to form which are absorbed by the blood and carried all over the body, thus affecting the alkaline balance of your system. The common-sense remedy for acidity is to neutralise excess acid and restore the alkaline balance. For this purpose, doctors and hospitals use and endorse 'Bisurated' Magnesia because it never fails to give immediate relief. A little in water after meals prevents fermentation and soothes, heals and strengthens the stomach. 'Bisurated' Magnesia costs but 1s. 3d. from any chemist, and if you suffer with indigestion or other common disorder arising from unbalanced alkalinity, you will find there is no better, quicker or surer way to get relief.

GREAT 3-IN-1 HOLIDAY PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT AGAIN!

Result of Crossword No. 221.

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from:—

Mr. Robert Thomas,
10, Hall Street,
Carmarthen,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive 20s. a week for life, £200 in cash and a £20 Holiday Cheque yearly for life or one lump sum of £500.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, August 15th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "SCRUTINY" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 50 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £3. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 219: Twenty-eight Competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £3 11 6 will be despatched accordingly.

Try your skill in "John Bull's" Great Crossword on Page 32! A Huge Three-in-one prize and other cash awards must be won.

A Paradise Gone Bankrupt

by
Marvin SUTTON
Author of "Children of Ruth," the new novel of rural life

Lovely West Walton, the village where dire need dwells

A VISION of rural loveliness, the village of West Walton in the Fenlands of Norfolkshire, with its thousand inhabitants, is bankrupt.

So deep is it engulfed in financial embarrassment that the living generation of men and women who toil from daylight till dark upon scattered holdings cannot hope for prosperity.

Yet West Walton is as rich as a dream in natural wealth and produce. The land is as fertile as any in the world. Its strawberries are among the finest in East Anglia; all manner of fruit is abundantly plentiful; the potato fields produce a bushel to the pole.

Its cluster of farmsteads and cots groups about the square tower of a thirteenth-century church. Tithes guarantee the rector of the parish a stipend of £1,200 a year.

West Walton to look at is as pretty as a picture postcard scene.

Living in dread

But grim-visaged labourers devote long hours to the tillage of the soil; wives with serious faces bend their backs to the rake; even the youngest children have to spend their leisure among the green growing crops.

The atmosphere in the village is one of deep resentment. Joy, care-free and exuberant, is unknown. The rates at 17s. 2d. in the pound are the highest paid by any village community in England. Every householder in the parish is in daily dread of being "sold up."

"Lord Fermoy made a personal appeal, but his equest was abruptly declined"

Outsiders little guess the burden resting heavily upon the backs of landlord and labourer alike.

The root of the crisis that now confronts the villagers of West Walton goes back to when, in 1920, the parish council of that time sought to purchase a farm of little more than 100 acres.

The Norfolk County Council on its behalf went to the Public Loans Board of the Treasury, which, consenting to the transaction, provided the moneys necessary at an interest of 5¾ per cent.

The price the parish council was called upon to pay for the land, together with certain modest dwellings, was no less than £15,500. Even when a house and several acres were again sold the amount outstanding against the villagers was £13,500.

Hidden trouble

The security demanded was the entire annual value of West Walton. In order to provide for the payment of interest amounting to more than £800 a year it was necessary to let the land at an impossibly high rental.

In those early, enthusiastic days, the humble villagers, recking little of the highways of finance, flocked to secure smallholdings of an acre or more. Many of them were soldiers back from the war. Some of them were newly married.

They could not foresee the changes which have been wrought in the past decade.

They could not foresee that the land for which they were compelled to pay £142 an acre in 1920 would in 1933 be valued at less than £40.

An unforeseen event occurred when, receiving a subsidy, the Norfolk County Council bought a farm in the district and let land to smallholders at £4 an acre.

Another was when the Marshlands Rural District Council erected thirty-four houses in the parish and let them, together with an acre of land, at £18 a year.

Costly plots

Charity lands, Crown lands and other smallholdings are now being let at even less rent. But the occupiers of land actually owned by the parish of West Walton are compelled to pay a rent of £9 an acre.

First one and then another of the renters have been obliged to forfeit their allotments.

Last year no fewer than fifteen villagers intimated they couldn't make parish-owned land pay. Next October another eight will pay rent into parochial funds for the last time. Two smallholders in the village have undergone the ordeal of a public examination in bankruptcy.

The rents of many are in arrears. One smallholder taken to county court to explain his inability to pay £17 so impressed the judge that he was asked to pay only two shillings a month.

But the sum due to the Treasury in April last was still £12,600. The interest due in October was paid from rents taken early this year.

A considerable portion of the lands purchased with moneys borrowed from the Treasury is now uncultivated simply on account of the enormous rent.

The parish council has no alternative but to charge £9 an acre for this land. Should the agreement with the Treasury survive its term of fifty years the villagers of West Walton will eventually have paid £49,000 for that small farm of less than one hundred acres.

Representations have been made without avail. Local landlords and moneyed people have even offered to settle the entire debt.

But when it was approached the Treasury demanded a premium of £15,000 in addition to the capital sum.

Although this figure was subsequently reduced it is still much too high to interest private persons.

A short time ago a deputation of the villagers, prominent men versed in the affairs of West Walton, waited upon an official at the Treasury to explain the position.

These men went to London buoyed with hope, armed with facts, bent upon arriving at an arrangement that would prove mutually satisfactory.

But they were coldly received. They incurred an unnecessary expense. The meanest usurer could hardly have afforded them less courtesy and consideration.

Disappointed, the sturdy villagers returned to their beautiful Arcadia. In a final effort, Lord Fermoy, the Member of Parliament for the King's Lynn Division, made a personal appeal, but his request for the interest on the gigantic loan made to the parish of West Walton to be reduced was abruptly declined.

Poor consolation

It has been revealed to the villagers that the money they borrowed from the Treasury is an invested fund—a gilt-edged security enabling some person or persons unnamed to draw a comfortable annuity whilst ignorant of the origin of their wealth.

They may never have heard of West Walton.

The position is now that the already high rates must be increased. Unless the State moneylenders release their Shylock-hold, every cottager, every old-age pensioner will be bled white in order that interest amounting to £824 for this year alone may be paid.

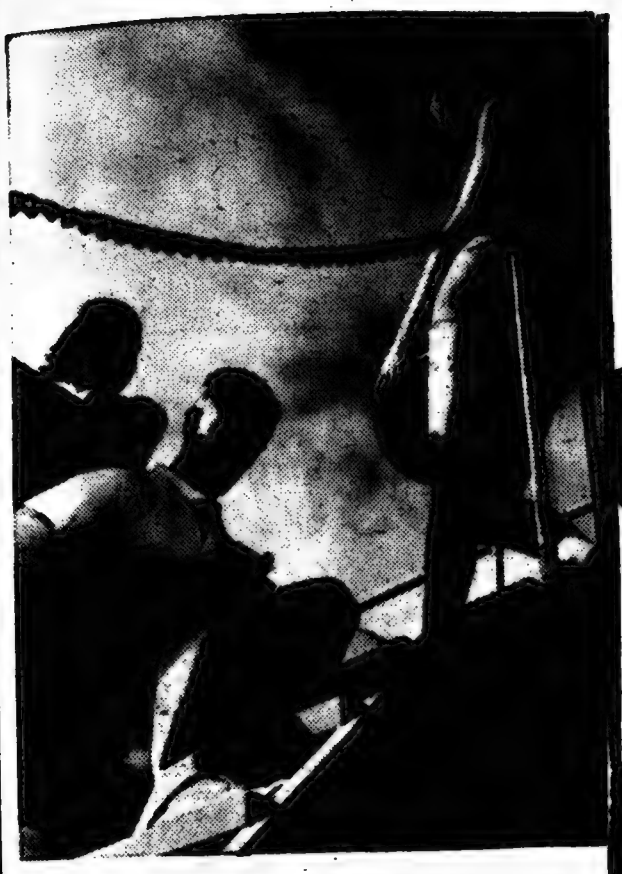
The parish cannot seek a remedy in the Bankruptcy Court as any private individual or trading concern could normally do.

Waste land!

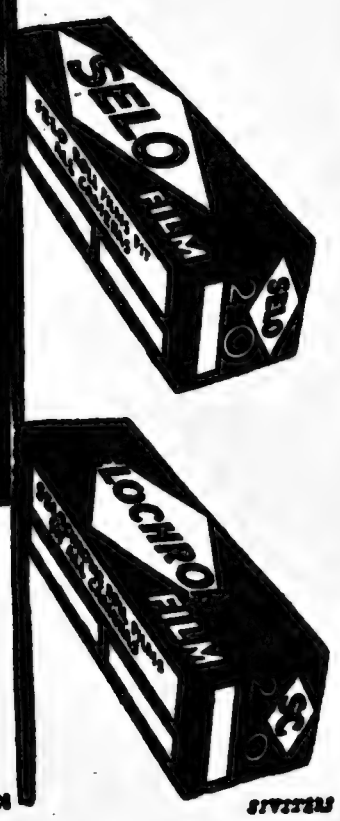
Should it, however, fail to meet its obligations, a Treasury official armed with the authority to extract the pound of flesh will take charge of affairs in West Walton.

No remedy is forthcoming. No practical proposal has been made. Every advance made by the villagers has been repulsed.

Meanwhile rich lands remain uncultivated, and dire need is found within the walls of pretty cottages in this fertile Fenland paradise.



THE BRITISH FILMS FOR BRITISH LIGHT!



SELO and SELOchrome

MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED, ILFORD, LONDON

Two tired feet . .

What sweet relief to put tired feet in a hot footbath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it! Very soon they are happy feet, feet firm and springing, cool and comforted feet you can forget.

Lavender, Lily of the Valley, Verbena, Essence of Flowers and Pine. ★ *2d. each, and in cartons of 3 cubes for 6d., or 6 for 1/-*

Reckitt's BATH CUBES

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON

They Laugh When I Say I'm 38

"I am thirty-eight years of age and have two daughters, one nineteen and another fifteen. Six months ago, owing to worry and hard work, I looked even older than my years. To-day, thanks to Tokalon Skinfoods, every one says I do not look a day older than 25. People laugh when I introduce my two big grown-up girls and say it is not possible. I am always taken for their sister. Every one asks me how I manage to keep looking so young, and I am never tired of saying I owe it entirely to Tokalon Skinfoods."
The writer of the above prefers not to have her name and address published but her original letter may be seen on request.
Tokalon Rose Skinfood contains 'Biocel', the marvellous discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. It nourishes and rejuvenates the skin; lines and wrinkles quickly disappear; sallow, faded cheeks become fresh, clear and youthful. By using Tokalon

'Biocel' Skinfood regularly you can look at least 10 years younger in one month.

FENNINGS' For Children cutting their Teeth. Prevent Convulsions. Are Cooling & Soothing. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

Sold in Stamped Boxes 1/3 & 3/- Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.

CHILDREN'S POWDERS

ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH?

Fennings' "Every Mother's Book" will give the advice you require. Ask your Chemist for a free copy or send to:-

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

COMPANY MEETING.

FURNESS, WITHY & CO., Ltd.

Shipping Industry Depression.

The forty-second annual general meeting was held at Furness House, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, on July 26, 1933.

The Lord Essendon, who presided, said:—Frankly your directors are disappointed at the results, although it was not to be expected that we would be able entirely to avoid the depression which still hangs over the shipping industry. We have laboured throughout the year under most difficult circumstances, and with most depressing conditions. The result is that for the past year we have £379,674 after providing for expenses of every description. As last year, we have brought into account a transfer from reserves, the amount being approximately the same. Adding this credit balance to the amount brought in, and providing for the half-yearly dividends on the preference shares, as well as the interim dividend on the ordinary shares paid last January, there is available £390,197, from which we propose to transfer £200,000 to depreciation account; to pay the very meagre final dividend of 1 per cent. on the ordinary share capital, and to carry forward £145,197.

The improvement which we hoped for has been delayed, and progress is terribly slow, partly because the conditions within our own industry are bad, and partly because political and economic conditions have combined to aggravate the situation. It must be borne in mind that British shipping developed to such an extent that even after the war—and the same applies to-day—we had the largest and, I think, the most efficient mercantile marine in the world, and our shipping trade is therefore more vulnerable and open to attack, both by foreign competition and by political and economic events than it otherwise would be.

Comparing 1913 with 1933, the world's steam and motor tonnage has increased from 43,000,000 tons gross to 66,500,000 tons. Against this the world's seaborne trade is about half what it was in 1913.

There you have the world picture—world trade less than half what it was, and world tonnage or carrying capacity 50 per cent. to 70 per cent. in excess of what it was. But the British picture is not quite the same. Our tonnage is about 30 per cent. of the whole, against which it is estimated that we are carrying about 40 per cent. of the world's trade. At any rate, we have a lower percentage of laid-up tonnage, viz., 16 per cent., than any other country, with the exception of Japan, Sweden and Denmark.

The report was unanimously adopted.

YEARS OF GASTRIC TROUBLE ENDED.

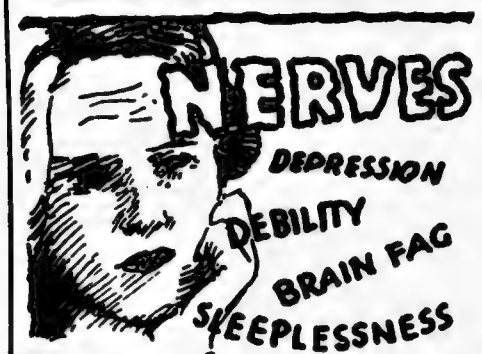
To have suffered the agony of gastric troubles for years, to have tried all sorts of "cures" with no effect and then to get a "wonderful improvement" in three weeks is the remarkable experience of Mr. E. O. Evans of Holyhead. Read what he says about Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Note particularly how disappointed he was in an imitation.

"Having suffered for years from gastric troubles and tried many advertised so-called cures—but obtained no relief from any—I tried your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder about three weeks ago. I am glad to tell you what a wonderful improvement I feel since. I can almost eat anything now, without suffering any ill-effects, thanks to your prescription.

"I may mention that I purchased a carton of so-called 'Maclean Powder' prior to obtaining yours but *this had no effect at all.* On making enquiries I discovered it was not the original Maclean, so I immediately obtained yours."

When you, too, decide to get rid of the pains of indigestion in this simple way by taking this amazing Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, be careful.

Be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 3/-bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.



Is this YOU?

Tired from morning to night. Sleepless yet needing sleep. Without appetite, yet needing the strength which foods can bring. You must not go on like this! Take

BRAIN SPARKLERS

and take them at once. In a few days you will feel brighter. In a week you will be utterly surprised to think that you could have gone on so long without them.

"Brain Sparklers" do nothing but good. They strengthen the nerves. They overcome depression. They literally set women free from the effects of nervous depletion to which they are so liable.

"Brain Sparklers" are obtainable at or by all good Chemists, including Boots', Taylor's, or Timothy White's. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 470 ("Brain Sparklers"). 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100). If in difficulty you can obtain, post free, and privately packed at these prices from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.,
Qualified Dispensing Chemists,
(Dept. JB61), 49, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4.

My GREATEST HOUR, when I became—

The Arctic postman's "Journey's End"—the little settlement of Aklavik

First Air Postman of the ARCTIC

by Captain I. Glyn-Roberts

the well-known Airman

MY career as a flying man has led me into many strange adventures and been productive of big moments in plenty. I can look back on the work of fire-fighting from the air, carrying gold by 'plane from mines in Manitoba and Ontario, and the many wonderful incidents that fell to an airman's lot in the course of the Great War, when I served in the Royal Flying Corps.

Then there is the time when I piloted a doctor friend from Edmonton, in Alberta, on his honeymoon trip to the tidal waters of the Arctic Ocean, carrying the bridal couple along two thousand miles of white, winter trail.

Less than a month after my friend's wedding I was lost, swallowed up in the Northern silences while on a mercy mission.

But that is another story, and this story that I now write has to do with an adventure which culminated in the greatest hour I have experienced.

In the summer of 1929 the Dominion Government of Canada gave to Commercial Airways, of Edmonton, the contract for the conveyance of all mail north of Fort McMurray down the Mackenzie River.

AT the time, many folk expressed doubts as to the feasibility of such a service, especially in the winter, for the Imperial Oil Company had unsuccessfully tried the experiment during the oil rush to Fort Norman in the winter of 1921 and the following summer, but breakages of landing gear on the rough ice, and various other troubles in summer, caused them to abandon the venture.

All this was recalled, and there was also the undeniable fact that, up to 1929, no machine had penetrated into the Arctic winter twilight.

It was not surprising, therefore, that the idea of a regular monthly mail service was looked upon by many as something bordering on the impossible, and doomed to failure. But difficulties are made to be overcome and, suffice it to say, the project went forward.

* * *

It was 11 a.m. on December 27, 1929. The temperature was hovering in the region of 50 degrees below zero. A deadly stillness that you could almost hear prevailed, broken only by the occasional fearsome rumble of the piled-up ice on the frozen river, and the monotonous and intermittent howl of a sleigh dog.

In the grey, uncertain light of the Arctic some ten or fifteen fur-clad figures were assembled round two Bellanca monoplanes, which bore on their scarlet sides the Royal coat-of-arms and the inscription "G.R. Royal Mail."

Overlooking this unusual scene from the crest of a hillock was a small church, and around it were scattered fifteen or twenty log cabins forming the trading post of Arctic Red River, one hundred and thirty miles within the Arctic Circle.

The occasion was the departure of the two 'planes on the last leg of their one thousand four hundred and fifty-mile journey from Fort McMurray in Alberta to Aklavik, now only one hundred miles north, and situated on the Mackenzie Delta.

I WAS the pilot of one of those two machines making the inaugural flight of the first Arctic Air Mail Service. No machine had previously penetrated so far north in winter, into this land of perpetual twilight and darkness, of snow, fog and blizzards. Many who knew the north said: "It won't be done. The north will win."

Others, too, who knew the country by hearsay concurred—it was madness to try.

At 11.30 the Arctic silence was broken by the roar of the two motors. We were off. It did not seem possible that after days of delay by weather and other causes at last we were within a stone's-throw of our destination.

First forty miles west to Fort McPherson on the Peel River to deliver Christmas mail, then one hundred miles north across the Delta, a heterogeneous collection of small lakes, watercourses and islands one hundred miles by eighty in extent—unmapped except for three channels—and, somewhere ahead, on one of these small islands, lay Aklavik.

Through the gauze curtain of Arctic mist the last of the great Rocky Mountains was visible and, beneath, a nightmare in topography, the equal of which I never hope to behold again.

As I gazed down in wonderment I was aware of a feeling of tension and suppressed excitement. It was the first time during the one thousand four hundred and fifty miles that there had been a prolonged silence between Watt, the journalist passenger seated on my right, and myself. Vanderlinden, my mechanic, seated immediately behind me, was also silent.

NOBODY took particular notice that to the south-west a red glow was visible indicating the presence of the sun that did not climb above the horizon, neither did we at that time realise we were the first ever to behold this winter panorama of Arctic desolation.

Here was a moment of awe-inspiring intensity, at one o'clock p.m. of December 27, 1929! There, right ahead of us, I spotted the little settlement on the point of an island—Aklavik at last!

Pointing forward I cried to Watt: "Journey's end!"

The tension was broken; we were at our goal. The pessimists were disproved; the aeroplane had conquered again.

Postal history had been made: the world's most unique service, the Arctic Air Mail, was an established fact.

And my greatest hour had arrived.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS: —"Holland's fastest runner is unable to FAKE the trip."

HUDDERSFIELD EXAMINER:—"I saw a curl of smoke issuing from the doorway of a mixed sweets SHIP."

DAILY MAIL:—"Then we can properly discuss a better distribution of the world's gold and LIVER supply."

HORNCASTLE NEWS: —"DOG SHOW—Classes:—(1) Best Looking PIG."

BULLETIN (Glasgow):—"For the past 18 years he has been in the station MARKER'S office."

WEST HERTS AND WATFORD OBSERVER:—"A light-hearted story of the adventures and misadventures of a WIDOW-cleaner and a maid-of-all-work."

CONGREGATIONAL MONTHLY: —"Our church was the scene of a very PETTY wedding."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN: —"He mentioned that he had been forced back by GOLD and ice."

THE JOURNAL:—"Winton United will be eager to CHEEK the strong Bedford side."

YORKSHIRE POST:—"He charged 12 or 15 guineas a week for accommodation, FOOT and treatment."

HUDDERSFIELD WEEKLY EXAMINER:—"In the afternoon a PROFESSION was formed."

STROUD NEWS AND GLOUCESTER ADVERTISER:—"They were fortunate to have such a keen MAN as LADY APSLEY as their President, for HE took a great interest in the cause."

Astounding Offer!

Ever-Ready Razor
3 Ever-Ready Blades
1/- Tube Ever-Ready Cream

Complete Outfit **1/3**

This price does not apply in the Irish Free State

Ever-Ready

Blades are made from the finest surgical steel and are 1½ times thicker than other Blades

On sale at all Chemists Hairdressers & Stores, etc.

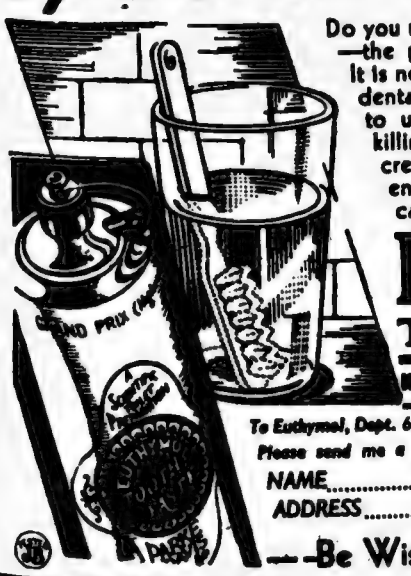
ANNOUNCEMENT OF EVER-READY RAZOR PRODUCTS LTD., 110 CRICKLEWOOD LANE, LONDON, N.W.2

ONE WORD
on
'How To Get Good Snaps'
AND THAT ONE WORD IS

Agfa

Try an AGFA Roll Film or Film Pack
next time and then the results you get will be its own recommendation
Obtainable of all Chemists and Photographic Dealers

By the skin of your teeth!



Do you realise how important is the "skin"—the protective enamel—of your teeth? It is not only beautiful, it is a barrier against dental decay. That is why it is so necessary to use Euthymol, the invigorating, germ-killing tooth-paste that penetrates into the crevices of the teeth and attacks the enamel-destroying bacteria. Large tubes can be bought from chemists for 1/3d.

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE
KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS IN 30 SECONDS

To Euthymol, Dept. 67/37, 50 Beak St., London, W.1
Please send me a free sample of Euthymol
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

—Be Wise—Euthymolise—

Euthymol, used every night and morning, cleans the teeth safely and thoroughly and makes the mouth cool and fresh all day long. Send the coupon for a sample tube—free.

DRINK YOUR OWN TEA—PRODUCED BY YOUR OWN ORGANISATION AND GET THE BEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

Drink more Tea. Money cannot buy better than that you yourself produce. Efficiency gives economy and—better value is impossible. Remember co-operation is open to all.

ENGLISH & SCOTTISH JOINT

C·W·S TEA
Drink it Always

A range of blends for all tastes at prices to suit all pockets.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES

Issued by the English & Scottish Joint Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd.

IN AGONY FOR SIX MONTHS

Awful Burning on Face and Hands. Cuticura Healed.

"I had an awful burning sensation that seemed to be under my skin, and then red pimples broke out on my face and hands. The itching and burning went on and I was desperate. Then the skin on my hands began to break at the knuckles, and I could not wash them because of the pain. I was in agony for six months.

"I read about the wonders of Cuticura Ointment. I purchased some and after using a week I got relief. I purchased another box of the Ointment and before it was half finished I was completely healed." (Signed) James McNee, 492, Rutherglen Rd., South Side, Glasgow, C 5, Scotland.

Use Cuticura to clear your skin.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD

FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Graves "FLIGHT" Model has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, bright parts Chromium Plated, full set of Accessories. Price Complete £3:17:6. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for 5/2 now & 14 monthly payments of 5/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. Write for CATALOGUE Gent's, Ladies' & Juvenile's Cycles

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

FREE! A TRIAL TUBE OF EUTHYMOL Tooth Paste!

Leading medical authorities urge most strongly that it is essential to give your teeth proper daily care and protection, because unsound teeth are often the cause of ill-health. Brush them regularly with "EUTHYMOL" DENTAL CREAM, which kills dental decay germs in thirty seconds. A free 7-day trial tube will be sent to every reader who fills in the coupon in the advt. on p. 29.

THE BIG TWO

NO AGENTS — NO AGENTS

SECURE LONG ODDS NOW FOR THE

ST. LEGER

Cesarewitch & Cambridgeshire

Send for Long Odds Ante-Post Price List

ONE SHILLING

up to any amount may be invested by LETTER

in accordance with rules.

STARTING PRICE

Commissions bearing a time stamp up to the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Tote Returns as desired.

NO LIMIT — Win or Place

Favourites, Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-come," Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Systems, —all accepted.

to agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD

227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

Our Readers Say—

Ask this Question in PARLIAMENT—

MY question would concern "Land for the Unemployed." Our country is faced with the difficult problem of unemployment, yet thousands of acres of our beautiful country are going to waste, producing nothing but tares and rubbish, and are a hotbed for vermin.

Instead of paying doles, why can't the money be used to purchase plots of waste land and utilise these as "small holdings"?

Then, instead of keeping an "army of unemployed" we could have an "army of workers," keeping themselves, and thus bringing the old country back to prosperity.—*H. E. W., Stroud.*

The Finger Points

"When is the Government going to make a definite stand for peace?" Here we are fourteen years after the deluge of blood, stumbling and staggering under an increasing load of armaments.

Military displays, tattoos, talk of the "next war," Britain arguing about the right to bomb hostile natives—these all point a deadly finger in one direction, war.

Peace has had plenty of lip-service. When will Parliament honour its pledge to the men who fought and bled and died on the fields of France and Flanders? —*L. L., N. Wales.*

Steak and —

"Why are butchers and others permitted to expose, in shop windows and on counters, meat, fish, etc., without protection from flies, dust and other filth carried by the wind, and what are Government food inspectors doing in this matter?"

Look at the average shop the next warm, windy day, and you will become a vegetarian. Also you will readily realise the cause of epidemics of ptomaine poisoning recurrent every summer.—*Canadian Chef, Leeds.*

Tithe Toll

Farmers are resenting the fact that they have to forfeit the price of a man's wages in order to contribute to the parsons' income.

There are farmers in Suffolk who are poorer than the men they employ. The cost of living is high; the prices of corn and stock are low. The tithe rate, however, remains unaltered.

I would not advocate tithe abolition, but would ask that a body of unbiased men in Parliament should revise the tithe rate in proportion to the farmers' returns. —*Country Girl, Thorndon.*

Left Behind

"Why not compel British shipowners to employ British seamen." In every British port are thousands of seamen, some of whom have been idle for years, and who will never go to sea again as long as things remain as now.

Many of these men fought for their country during the war. What can they think as they watch those same ships going to sea under the same flag, manned by hordes of jabbering coolies?—*D. S. Finlayson, Leith.*

Doomed

"What is the Government going to do about the plight of the adolescent?" Young children are being thrust into a world suffering from unexampled unemployment, doomed to idleness and consequent demoralisation. Instead of steady progress, bitter disappointment and disillusionment become the lot of these future citizens.

Uncared-for, again, by the State until they become sixteen, the adolescent suffers as a result of a short-sighted educational policy. Yet the House was startled recently at the growing wave of crime among juveniles under sixteen!—*S. B., Salop.*

Sacrosanct

When the Government's economy cuts were published one startling fact was revealed—there were to be no cuts for the Secret Service.

I should ask, Why was this? We can only conclude that the Secret Service work is of especially vital importance—more important than maternity welfare, for the grants to that were reduced; more important, too, than the training of the younger generation, for every teacher suffered.

Yet the League of Nations, so dependent on Britain for support is opposed in spirit to all espionage.—*E. A. Mills, Reading.*

A Member addresses the House. (From a film)

Absent without Leave

"Why do Members accept their pay and fail to do their work?" I frequently read that the House of Commons had to adjourn because the necessary forty Members to form a quorum were not present.

This makes one wonder what would happen if we all treated our jobs as casually. "No work no pay" should apply to M.P.s, even more than to ordinary persons. Affairs of government should be felt to be of vital importance.—"*Inquisitive,*" *Brewood.*

Danger Zones

"When will steps be taken to put a boundary around factories that manufacture chemicals and other inflammable materials?"

The recent fire at Bow and the previous catastrophe at Mitcham show only too plainly the damage to life and property that can occur if an explosion or a fire breaks out in a largely populated neighbourhood.

Perhaps the House will pass a Bill enforcing certain safety rules, or limiting the factory sites to less-populated areas.—*R. Suckling, Lambeth.*

No Number

"Why the Post Office surplus is not used, first, to improve the conditions of its officials, many of whom are grossly underpaid, and, second, to improve the services to the public?" It should now be possible to restore the penny postage and to reduce the cost of other services, especially the rental of telephones.

At present British charges compare unfavourably with those of other nations, and many persons to whom a telephone would be a boon are debarred by its high cost from having it installed.—*O. Franklin, Walthamstow.*

* * *

Why sheep and lambs should be excluded from the list of animals which must be "humanely killed by a mechanically operated instrument"?—*O. A., London.*

Why this world spends nearly a pound a minute on arms while it spends less than a halfpenny on peace?—*T. E., Cars.*

When is the crime of committing boys and girls to life sentences and slavery behind Lunacy Board walls to cease?—*M. M., Greenock.*

Why isn't it compulsory for employers to give workers an annual holiday with pay? How do they expect the workers to go on, year in and year out, without feeling the effect of all work and no play? —*Edie, Birmingham.*

Why not slightly reduce existing taxes and levy small new ones? Each year there is an increasing difficulty in balancing the Budget. Yet dog-owners pay a tax and cat-owners do not. Motorists are heavily taxed; pedal cyclists are free. Door-to-door salesmen must be licensed; canvassers need not be.—*F. Atkin, Hull.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, August 8.

My Happiest Holiday

Pension Pirates

When is some action going to be taken to prevent unscrupulous employers, to the detriment of thousands of our unemployed, advertising their vacancies as "suitable for pensioner"? This practice of employing pensioners, especially police pensioners, is a positive scandal, when our unemployed figures are such as they are.

These employers take on pensioners at wages of £1 or 30s. per week, when in the ordinary course they would have to pay £2 10s. or £3.

It is one of the biggest injustices in the present social system.—*E. F. J. Hughes, London, N.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

NOW for the EBOR

THE Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire entries close this week. In a way their appearance is not a pleasing sign, for they signify that flat racing is past the half-way stage.

Once I brought off this double, and I know the exhilarating feeling it gives a backer, but runners at 100 to 8 are better than 100 to 1 shots that never face the starter.

I know a professional backer who always takes starting price for the Cesarewitch and, in the event of a win, plays up the lot on the Cambridgeshire.

It is the same old double over again, and he often gets a run for his money at two or three hundred to one.

One of the plums of this month is the Ebor Handicap run at York.

Not so many years ago it was known as the Great Ebor Handicap, and although it has lost its prefix, it is still one of the most popular handicaps in the North.

This year the winner may come from Guiscard, Creme Brulee, Loosestrife and Dick Turpin. I favour Loosestrife.

An attractive programme will be staged this week-end at Lewes. A good case can be made out for Litigation in the Lewes Handicap, and Andy in the Hamsey Handicap may bring off the Saturday "double."

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

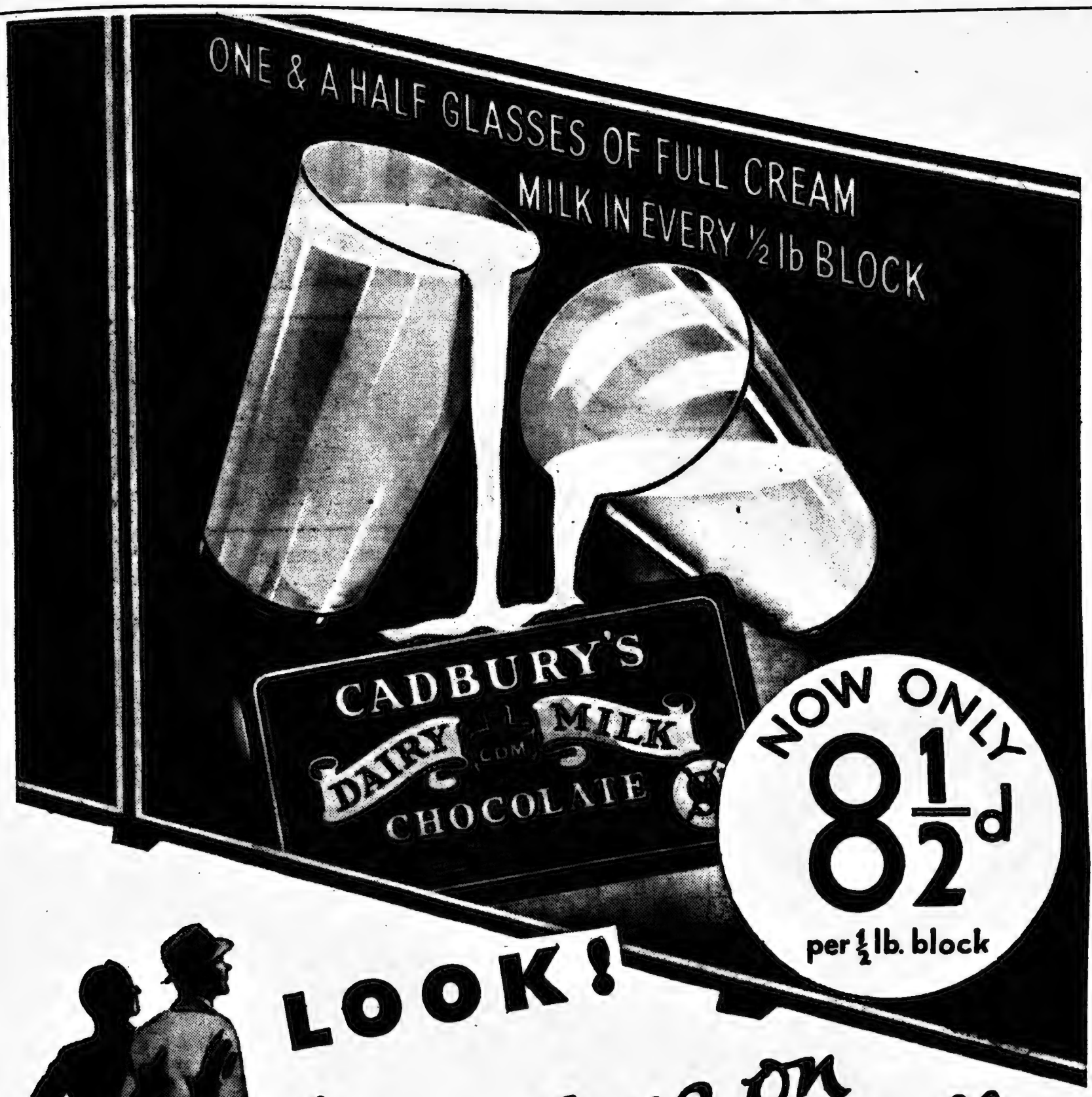
The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 3, to Wednesday, August 9.

P U X Z R 98 T F Q A Q C 93 B 94 M
V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. DK982KD94KM would read MANNAMEAD.



LOOK!

You Save on ½ lbs

A ½ lb. block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate for only 8½d.? Yes, Cadburys have reduced the price of this big ½ lb. milk block, into which goes a glass and a half of fresh, full-cream milk. And you get exactly the same fine chocolate in the ¼ lb. (4½d.) and 2 oz. (2½d.) milk blocks. That's why *most* of the milk chocolate sold is Cadburys.

CADBURYS

½ lb. now 8½d. **MILK BLOCKS** ¼ lb. Blocks 4½d. 2-oz. Blocks 2½d.

Sail in for a big Crossword Holiday Prize!

20/- A WEEK FOR and LIFE
£200
INCREASED HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP £150
£100 EXTRA BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO OR ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE
ADDED AWARD OF SEASON TICKET
For all winners registered for "John Bull's" free weekly Crossword Gazette by closing date—providing 80 free entry forms for "John Bull's" Crossword—Registration coupon on "Bulletin" page.
£2
and £20 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE
FINE 3-IN-1
£500

LAST WEEKS OF HOLIDAY PRIZES!

THURSDAY, August 17, is just when the great holiday season of the year is at its height. What a day to receive the news of winning our great 3-in-1 Holiday Prize of a 20s. Weekly Life Pension, £200 Cash and a £20 Holiday Cheque yearly for life!

Once you start to fill up the squares in the Crossword below, the entertainment of solving the Clues will grip you to the end. And even if your entry just misses that fine First Prize, your reward may well be a substantial share of the £250 to be divided between Runners-up as detailed above.

Begin at once—unless your solutions are in by Noon, Thursday, August 10, that wonderful wire on August 17 cannot be yours.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 20s. a week, a £20 Holiday Cheque yearly, and £200 cash (or a lump sum of £500 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 17, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 24, 1933.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 224—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 10, 1933.

JB·224

JB·224

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value..... No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 224—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 10, 1933.

JB·224

JB·224

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.....No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately, and add name and address to each.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

CLUES ACROSS

1. A present
3. What fortune-teller predicts
6. Left out
8. Is likely to feel pinch
11. Extremity of foot
12. Resided
15. Belonging to it
16. We do it with our eyes
19. Enough's as good as this
21. Beer
23. This animal lives by river
25. It twinkles in the sky
26. Gossip drops in for
27. Whistle is signal to
29. Make a mistake
30. Coarse file
34. Gay
35. Window-pane is made of this
36. Often worries public speaker
37. Keeps little lamb safe

CLUES DOWN

1. Means prosperity
2. Sparks may fly up from it
4. Fuss
5. Where one sometimes goes for a tramp
7. Showing he's going to pieces
9. Newspaper often provides one for its readers
10. Weapon some extremists use
13. Knowledge of languages helps him
14. Existence
17. Consume
18. Confined to some races
20. Describes a certain kind of man
22. Lads have theirs
24. Rifle is aimed at
25. Gentle walk
28. Antique chair is often this
31. To hold one for long demands experience
32. Part of a circle
33. Time past

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 10, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO EXTRA FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 24, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, September 5, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

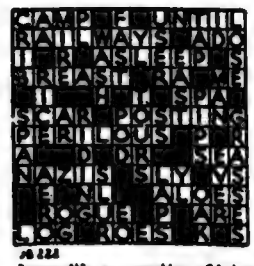
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

Address Entry

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 224, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)



JB 222

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 222.

Winners in 221 on page 25. Result of 222 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 222 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

JB 224

JB 224

JB 224

JB 224

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The Editor Laughs LAST

ERNIE:
by
Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

L. F. (Stevenage).—"What is the last word in home decoration?" The wife's.

D. B. (Quy).—"An enraged bull has wrecked my rock garden." Mistook it for a china shop?

P. J. (Herne Hill).—"Some people are even afraid of rabbits." Especially Welsh ones late at night.

K. M. (Axminster).—"What induces people to buy damp, old-fashioned houses?" The estate agent.

F. B. (Coton).—"What can a man do when his wife refuses to answer him?" Press button B and get his money back.

M. B. (Cherryhinton).—"Dad says he intends to sit on any young man I bring home." Why, does he think you cannot?

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"We moderns don't ask for criticism." Don't have to ask, do you?

PATRIOT (Milton).—"Why do Britons fly to foreign holiday resorts?" Maybe because they can't wade the Channel.

Miss L. (Clacton).—"I am not the least interested in music or any kind of band." Not even a plain gold one?

D. B. (Manchester).—"We have been married ten years, and have had only one quarrel." See letter below.

S. B. (Manchester).—"We have quarrelled continuously since we were married ten years ago." See letter above.

THEATREGOER (London).—"Why do most of our plays have such ridiculous titles?" They are nothing to what some of them are called after the show.

C. B. (Eye).—"Can you recommend some good hair-raising stories?" Yes, those told about their home-made restorers by barbers.

ARTIST (London).—"Colour has a great influence on health." For instance, there is a marked difference between having the blues and being in the pink.

L. B. (Sturton Town).—"Why doesn't some public man write about the cost of gas and electricity?" What about Tennyson's Charge of the Light Brigade?

D. R. (Hollywood).—"Ask any man whether film stars or editors count most, and he'll say film stars every time." Well, they certainly have most to count.

PARSON (Glasgow).—"I rehearse my sermons over and over again before delivering them.' So nobody can accuse you of not practising what you preach.

GEORGE (Hull).—"As soon as one great politician dies another rises up to take his place." Yes; at times we almost give up hope altogether.

B. N. (Pershore).—"I pay my taxes on the nail, and never want to be reminded." Well, if it comes to that, we don't want to be reminded, either.

G. H. (Burton).—"Give a man liquor and you make him very talkative." Take it away from him and he'll have a lot to say.

B. G. M. (Fulham).—"I had a long argument with a man last week, but could not make him believe that what I said was true." Some magistrates are very sceptical.

T. V. (Sheffield).—"Several Continental firms are secretly producing armaments for the next war." It is not true, however, that a secret plum-and-apple jam factory has been set up in this country.

REFORMER (Hull).—"Open the average newspaper, and what meets your eyes?" Print.

EXPLORER (Southampton).—"There is only one animal of which the Bengal tiger is afraid." The Bengal tigress.

AMATEUR GARDENER (Ripley).—"I have just heard a very tall story." Our neighbour talks about his sunflower, too.

R. W. (Chester).—"I am always changing my mind." But have you succeeded in getting a good one?

CLEVER (Edge Hill).—"I am extremely quick at picking up things." Not a kleptomaniac, by any chance?

No TRUMPS (Westerham).—"Bridge prizes are generally useless." Except to give away as bridge prizes.

Mrs. T. (Leeds).—"What does one call a man who plays a cornet?" That depends on how he plays it.

G. M. (Hastings).—"Don't go in the water after a heavy meal." There is more chance in a restaurant.

W. G. (Ryde).—"I am writing this letter while sitting under a broiling sun." Then we'll blame the heat for it.

C. W. (Malvern).—"Some railway tunnels are really marvellous." We have never seen very much in them.

MAJOR (Cheltenham).—"When in India I often chased wild elephants on horseback." We don't believe a horse could carry an elephant.

B. T. S. (Uxbridge).—"When my wife is ill-tempered I always resort to my club." Personally, we think a club is a little too drastic.

A. Y. (Southport).—"Midnight picnic parties are now all the rage." We suppose the wasps and mosquitoes call in the glow-worms to guide them.

G. T. (Bradford-on-Avon).—"What do tea-leaves in the bottom of the cup tell us?" That someone forgot to strain the tea.

R. D. (Romford).—"I have a suit for every day of the week." Sorry to hear you have only one.

L. M. (Bristol).—"The modern girl can be read like a book." Especially the bold type.

B. C. (Bolton).—"It's easy to say 'I told you so' after the event." Unless you are a weather forecaster.

K. J. (Middlesbrough).—"How fast can a mosquito fly?" Too fast for you to retaliate.

Y. T. (Eccles).—"Next to £10,000, guess what I would like to have?" £9,999.

H. W. (Hornsey).—"Two words changed the whole course of my life." "I will."

S. G. H. (Southport).—"There's a mouse squeaking in my bedroom. What should I do?" Oil it.

A. M. (Chelsea).—"A critic describes a recent play as having refreshing intervals." Between the acts and in the bar?

A. B. V. (London, E.).—"Nobody in the office knows who is going to be dismissed next." A kind of sack race.

G. M. (Edgware).—"He left home to play in a cricket match and his wife hasn't seen him since." The off theory.

S. N. (Dorking).—"Swear words are never broadcast." But they are often heard at the receiving end.

S. W. (Rustington).—"It is a very unnerving business for a young man to propose to a girl." She might accept him.

Mrs. W. (Uxbridge).—"I am simply disgusted at the dresses worn by chorus girls nowadays." It doesn't take much to annoy some people.

G. J. (Bognor).—"I have already had nine proposals since I came down here." He must be a very persistent old man.

C. J. (Frome).—"I take only the bare necessities with me when I go on holiday." Just a mackintosh and an umbrella?

V. G. (Basingstoke).—"I can speak six languages and my wife can speak three." That's what we call very good handicapping.

COMEDIAN (Brixton).—"A year ago I made my first gramophone record, and since then thousands have been sold." What's on the other side?

C. M. (Petersfield).—"Now I've got my wife interested in *Bullets*, I find her a big help." And you'll have to find her a big helping if you win this week's £1,500 on page 35.

H. B. (Barnet).—"I have decided to become a vegetarian, and without doctor's orders to do so." Your butcher has refused you further credit?

B. N. (Cambridge).—"A woman in our town recently pursued and caught a wanted man." But surely there is nothing unusual in that.

D. W. (Oxford).—"A college professor says that the price of civilisation is insanity." If he thinks the present brand of it is worth going insane over, he's crazy.

S. M. (Bedford).—"A rare Roman coin weighing about half a pound has been discovered." A suitor in those days would have to be very careful how he cast his fortune at his beloved's feet, especially if she had corns.

L. K. (Ramsgate).—"Nothing is better than to motor into the depths of the country and forget everything." So long as the petrol lasts.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

T. M. (London).—"What can be more annoying than an alarm clock that doesn't go off?" One that does

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Try this Face Powder Test At Our Expense

This face powder test astonished 78 Beauty Specialists. You can make the test yourself to-day. Powder the left half of your face with the brand of face powder you generally use. On the right half apply Poudre Tokalon in which is scientifically blended 'Mousse of Cream.' Do this in the morning before you go out. Examine your face carefully before your mirror in the evening. You will find that no matter what you have been doing all day; in spite of wind and rain or perspiration from strenuous exercise, the Mousse of Cream Face Powder has adhered to the skin. Make the same test before going out for an evening's dancing. You will find that Poudre Tokalon 'Mousse of Cream' face powder will stay on in spite of perspiration from a whole evening's dancing in a hot ballroom and enable you to have a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion the entire evening long.

Get a 6d. box of Poudre Tokalon to-day and make the test for yourself. If you are not surprised and delighted your money will be refunded in full.

Pain after Eating

ACIDITY, GASTRITIS & INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. A trial will convince you that this is positively the world's best remedy for Indigestion.

Prices 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets).
Privately packed and post free from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 108), 69, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Send for this Free Gift Book.

There are hundreds of valuable Free Gifts offered in the Nestlé's Gift Book, a copy of which will be sent to every reader of JOHN BULL who simply fills in the coupon on p. 25. Together with the Gift Book will also be sent a voucher for Five Free Coupons. Don't forget to post the coupon, which will bring you full particulars of the Gifts available, all of sterling quality, a number of which appear in the advertisement on p. 25.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE FAMILY INSURANCE

247 CHEQUES PAID

to Registered Readers in ONE week!

WEEK in and week out, JOHN BULL, by means of its Great Free Family Insurance, acts as "Good Samaritan" to hundreds of readers whose homes have been visited by the Demon of Misfortune

The following is a summary of cheques sent to registered readers in respect of Insurance Benefits *in a single week*:

Fire Damage	**59 cheques**
Storm and Flood Damage	**32 cheques**
Accidents in Home and Garden	**42 cheques**
Accidents to Children	**85 cheques**

In addition, many payments were made on account of Sickness, Lightning Damage, Sports Accidents, Boating and Bathing Accidents, Burglary, and damage to wireless sets by Lightning—*a total of 247 cheques paid in one week!*

JOHN BULL is the great pioneer of Free Family Insurance, offering the most comprehensive and generous benefits. It is the *ONLY* paper to pay for damage by Fire, Storm and Flood and to give benefits for Sickness. Its insurance benefits represent *a gift worth at least* £2 2*s.*—which is the least an Insurance Company would charge as premium for similar protection! Moreover, as an additional privilege during 1933, every reader whose registration is of three or more months' standing is entitled to *a Bonus of* 10 *per cent.* on any benefit paid.

Ensure your peace of mind by signing the forms below *to-day.*

HOLIDAY RISKS.

If you are going away during August Bank Holiday, remember this point. Registered readers of JOHN BULL will continue to be covered by this, the greatest of all Free Family Insurances, while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland and the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man, for a period of fourteen days. The only condition is that in the event of an application arising, they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday and that before leaving home they left instructions with their regular newsagent to restart delivery immediately on their return.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 5/8/33

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

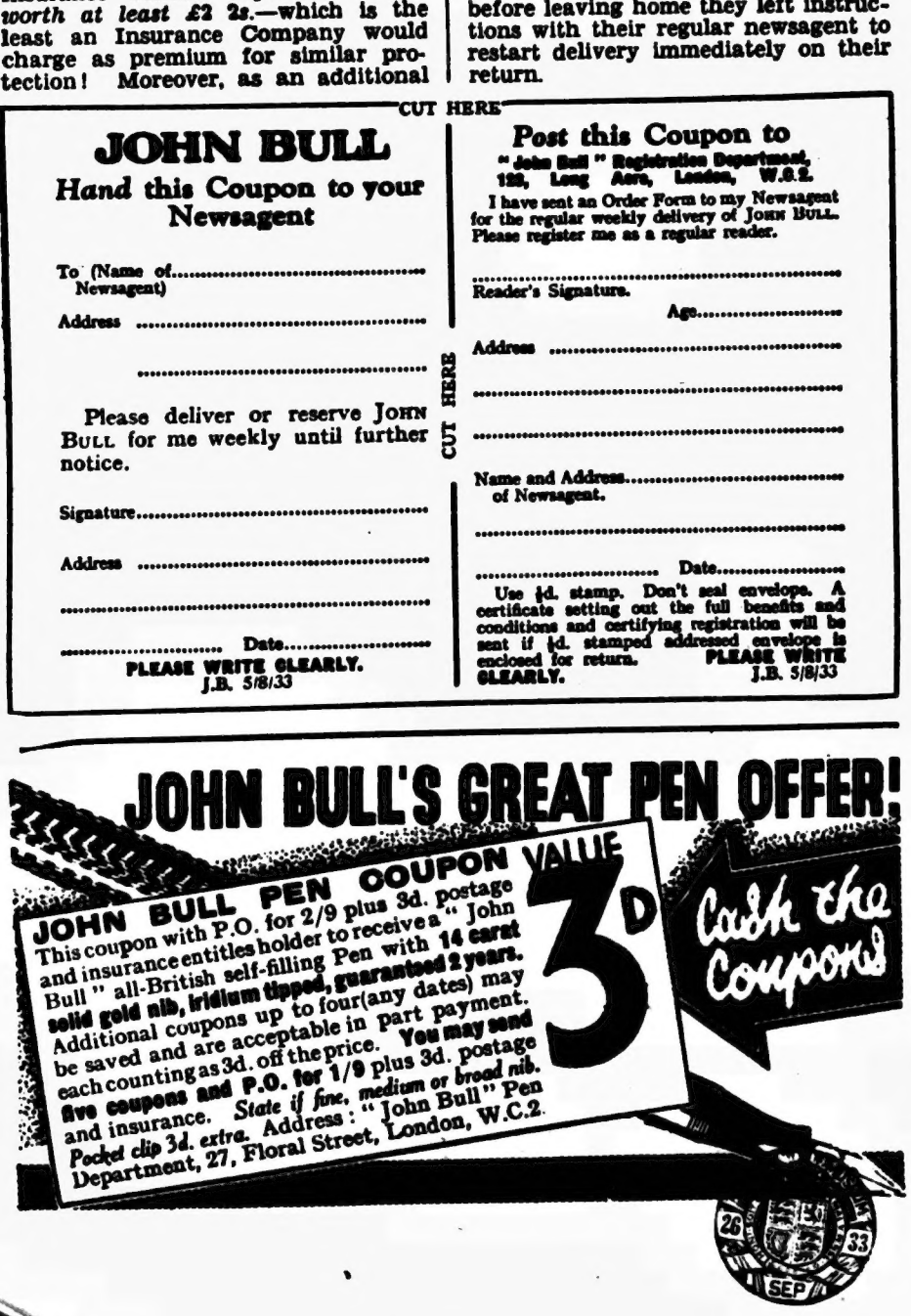
.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 5/8/33


JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON VALUE 3D
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
Cash the Coupons
26 SEP 33

Now they *All* Say 'GOOD OLD SERGEANT!'

YES, a miracle has happened. *Everybody* is saying "Good Old Sergeant!" at the Citadel Barracks, Dover—and the man they mean is Sergeant Carey, of the Highland Light Infantry, at present with his wife and two children at G4, Married Quarters, South Front.

Imagine for yourself the excitement in the barracks, where many in the regiment are "Bulleteers," when a Friday telegram arrived for the keenest of them all.

"I was sure it came from Long Acre before I opened it," said the Sergeant, when congratulated later by a JOHN BULL man. "But I was surprised that my *Bullet* was not duplicated by others—it seemed so obvious to me."

The picturesque and ingenious effort of which Sergeant Carey spoke so modestly was the First Prize *Bullet* in Competition No. 900. BY THE STREAM—"MILLSTONE" FLOATS GENTLY AWAY. And the winner was able to recall some interesting details of how it was constructed.

"That effort was made up whilst I was on guard duty at the Citadel Barracks," he said.

"I had committed the *Example* to mind and it somehow linked itself up in my mind with the old song about a babbling brook on which cares drift away.

"My first introduction to *Bullets*," Sergeant Carey continued, "was just over a year ago, though I can't say I've been entering regularly ever since then. But this is how I started.

"I was asked by a young friend to help him with his efforts. Well, though I knew nothing about the construction of a *Bullet*, I said I'd do what I could.

"I quickly discovered what a fascinating hobby making *Bullets* can be," he added, going on to mention the two "Target" Prizes which were the only return for his efforts before his huge cheque arrived.

He pictured a scene like this—and framed a First Prize Bullet

As a result of his success, 29-year-old Sergeant Carey has been invited by JOHN BULL to choose either £1,000 cash or £750 plus a £30 Holiday Cheque for life.

It is not surprising that he has chosen the big 2-in-1 Holiday Prize, enabling him to bank an ample sum to provide for his wife and children and still enjoy the certainty of a free *Bullets* Holiday annually as long as he lives.

Sergeant Carey has one assistant when making up his *Bullets* which he considers indispensable — a free weekly copy of *Bullets Bulletin*. "It is my only guide," he said.

* * *

This week you have one final opportunity to capture a Holiday Prize far greater than that which has just brought rejoicing to a barracks home. Get busy now and £1,500, plus a Millionaire's Holiday Week-end for Two, may be your enormous reward.

THREE TRIBUTES

To Sergeant Carey's tribute to *Bullets Bulletin*, recorded on this page, the winner of the Second Prize, adds another. And the Third Prize-winner in this contest also expresses his appreciation of *John Bull's* 3-in-1 guide to the prize-list.

Is it not worth your while to accept *Bullets Bulletin's* guidance yourself? Post off to-night the coupon on opposite page.

ANOTHER 50 HOLIDAY CHEQUES AWARDED!

FIRST PRIZE, £800 AND £20 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE —OR £1,000 CASH. COMPETITION No. 901.

Mr. C. WHITING, 168, Britannia Road, Ipswich.
Example:—DOCTOR'S CAR
Bullet:—ONLY "BARGAIN" HE "DRIVES."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. GLEDHILL, 436, Gibbet Street, Halifax.
Example: Constable Algernon
Bullet: Trenchard's "Hope" — And Criminal's!

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. F. G. KENYON, 59, Woodlands Road, Isleworth.
Example: Scorned
Bullet: Nature's Generosity—We'll "Pay."
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

FOURTH PRIZE OF £15:

Miss M. KENNEDY, 117, Windmillhill Street, Motherwell.
Example: To Light The Way
Bullet: Keep "Lamps" *Of* Gloom!

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. H. HIRST, 51, Moorbottom Road, Thornton Lodge, Huddersfield.
Example: Doctor's Car
Bullet: Or Civilisation's "Hearse," Geneva?
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

5 OF £5 EACH:

O. W. LANE, "Sunnyside," Saxmundham, Suffolk.
To Light The Way—Government Uses Distress Rockets!
G. LAWTON, 36, Hollingreave Road, Burnley, Lancs
Flying—Start, Wasn't Flying's Start.
P THOMAS, 5, Rifleman's Row, Pentrechwyth, Swansea.
The Sea Was Rough, So—Cruising Couple "Drifted Apart."
R. WAITE, 12, Barnsbury Road, Liverpool.
Doctor's Car—Nurse's Bicycle — Another Perambulator!
L. WELLS, 83, Wellington Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Afraic Of The Dark—Rot? Not To Tot.

5 OF £4 EACH:

P. HOLLAND, 14, Waterlow Road, London, N.
Taxpayer's Holiday—Week Away—Weeks Awake.
A. PATERSON, 58, Hamilton Street, Wishaw, N.B.
When Father's Packing — Everybody "Colours"—Then "Fades."
E. RICHARDS, 2, St. John's Church Road, Folkestone.
Village Larwood—Luckily *He* Can't Write!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)
T. COWPER THWAITE, 14, Prince Street, Rochdale.
Taxpayer's Holiday—How Novel! How, Neville?
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)
G. WRIGHT, 10, Alderley Street, Macclesfield.
Man With The Money—And *No* Friends, "Sam."

5 OF £3 EACH:

A. ALDRIDGE, 218, Sherwood Park Avenue, Sideup.
Strong And Silent—Politicians—Then England "Heard."
Mrs. HANDLEY, 17, Beech Grove, Broom, Ferryhill, Co. Durham.
Man With The Money—Mother Guards From Mothers.
G. HARK, 7, George Street, Rugby.
Village Larwood — Beckoned *Ambulance* Closer In.
W. H. JACKLIN, 48, Tudor Road, Doncaster.
The Only Thing Left—In Dad's Pocket. Sand!
H. E. RANN, 32, Frederick Street, Plymouth.
When Father's Packing—Likes "Room"—Gets House!

A list of 10 £2 10s., 20 £2 and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

All winners of a Holiday Prize in this contest will be invited to claim a book of 104 "Bullets" "Season Tickets," providing their winning effort was entered on one of two or more coupons contained in the same envelope.

RECORD August Holiday Offer... Prizes Value Over £2000

£1,500

FINE 2-IN-1 SECOND PRIZE **£100** CASH plus

FINE 2-IN-1 THIRD PRIZE **£50** CASH plus

FINE 2-IN-1 FOURTH PRIZE **£25** CASH plus

FINE 2-IN-1 FIFTH PRIZE **£20** CASH plus

MONSTER BULLETS FIRST... PLUS

10 PRIZES OF £6 — 10 PRIZES OF £3 — 75 PRIZES OF 12/6

MILLIONAIRE'S HOLIDAY WEEK-END FOR TWO

Each of the five chief winners in this contest will be invited to enjoy a millionaire's holiday week-end for two at any seaside, country or London hotel. For this accommodation "John Bull" will pay .... first class return tickets to the chosen resort will also be provided, plus £5 cash for entertainments, motor trips, etc.

IF PREFERRED, AN EXTRA £25 CASH MAY BE TAKEN IN PLACE OF THIS HOLIDAY AWARD

Now or Never for These Huge Holiday Prizes!

A FEW days more and the fight for the biggest August Holiday Prize in the long history of *Bullets* will be over. A fortune of £1,500 in cash awaits the sender of the best *Bullet*, who will be invited to celebrate the victory with a Millionaire's Holiday Week-end for Two at JOHN BULL's expense.

Nor will the First Prize-winner be the only one to enjoy this novel big extra award, for each of the next four principal winners will receive the same invitation to spend a Wonder Week-end by the sea, in London or elsewhere.

If you want to revel in the privilege of being one of JOHN BULL's millionaire guests and in the possession of a huge cheque, hurry up with your *Bullets*—they must be in by Saturday, August 12.

THE WAY TO WIN

FIRST read slowly through the *Examples* provided and note down the rough ideas which occur to you as you turn over each one in your mind.

You have now to develop those first thoughts into *Bullets* by polishing their phrasing into winning style. Your finished *Bullets*, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, with some apt and original bearing on the *Example* chosen.

Suppose, for instance, you were considering the *Example* BRITANNIA'S SHOP. Your first rough comment might well be *Losing Money Whilst Politicians Talk*. This you could readily condense and improve to the finished *Bullet*, BRITANNIA'S SHOP—EMPTY WHILE POLITICIANS "BARGAINING."

Before you start, however, examine closely the winning *Bullets* on the opposite page; they will show you how a bright thought, neatly phrased, can bring you a substantial reward.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITANNIA'S SHOP
WILLING HANDS
THE PUBLIC
CAUGHT IN THE STORM
TO SETTLE THE DEBT
BIT OF A BOTHER
OTHER COUNTRIES
DIVIDED
BEST REMEDY
BEGINS AT HOME
HEATED WORLD
ENDS IN DISASTER
SOMETHING SNAPPED AND
JUSTICE
PANIC ON THE BEACH
SILENT WITNESS
ROOM FOR MORE
THE MONEY PROBLEM
MAKES ME FEEL DIZZY
FIRMLY
TURN FOR THE BETTER
COMES AND GOES
SPORT OF KINGS
NEVER RESTS
CHAMPIONS
GROWING GLORY
HIS LIVING
CHANGED TO GOLD
SOLLY'S HOLIDAY
WHILE THE SUN SHINES
BEATEN
LIKE SHEEP
DIFFERENT MATTER
NOW IT'S ALL OVER
FOR SAFETY
WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets*, to learn from the experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer.

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Couplets Courier*.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

£500 BONUS AWARD.—This sum offered in connection with Competition No. 899 has been divided between the 24 eligible cash prize-winners, each receiving £24 16s. 2d.

The original cheque for £750 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 902 will be displayed at the bookstall of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son Ltd., Dover Priory.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(904) Closing SAT., Aug. 12 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(904) Closing SAT., Aug. 12 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(904) Closing SAT., Aug. 12 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(904) Closing SAT., Aug. 12 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....
Address .....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 904 usually purchase "John Bull."

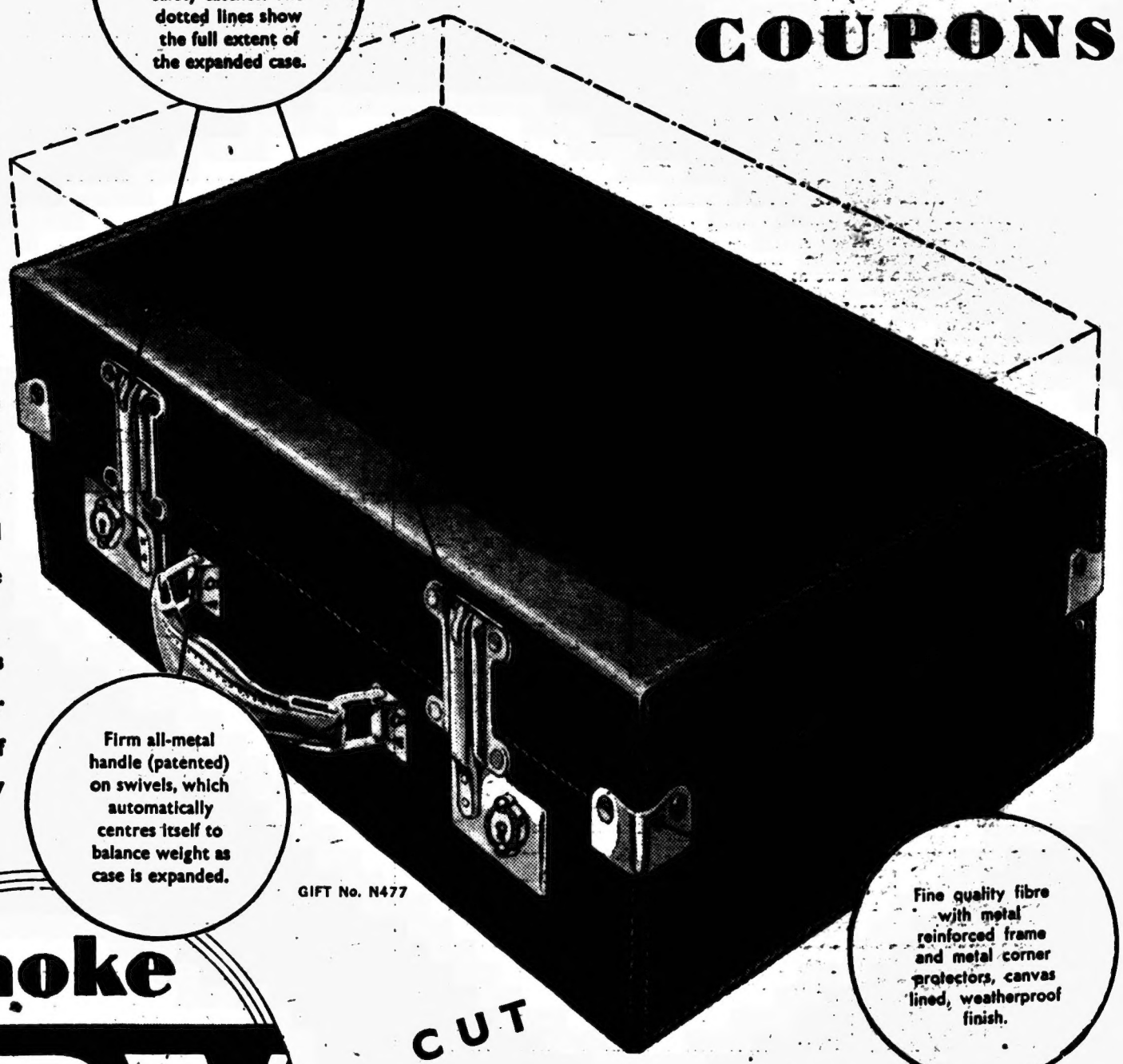
Address Entry: "Bullets," No. 904, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NEXT WEEK **BIG "PLUS" FIRST** HEADING 50 FINE HOLIDAY CHEQUES

B·D·V EXPANDING SUITCASE

150 COUPONS

Nickelled expanding clasps on rachet principle with two locks and safety catches. The dotted lines show the full extent of the expanded case.



Everyone needs an expanding suitcase, and now everyone can have the very latest type—free. This splendid case measures 24" x 15" x 7¼" when it is fully compressed, and expands to 24" x 15" x 9¼"; light yet strong, beautifully finished inside and out. It is yours for 150 B.D.V coupons, or **130 only if you cut out and include the voucher below.** B.D.V cigarettes have been famous for thirty years. They have satisfied the most critical smokers. They will satisfy you. Change to-day to B.D.V.

No matter how many coupons you find in a packet of other brands, together they are not of greater value than ONE B.D.V COUPON.

Firm all-metal handle (patented) on swivels, which automatically centres itself to balance weight as case is expanded.

GIFT No. N477

Fine quality fibre with metal reinforced frame and metal corner protectors, canvas lined, weatherproof finish.

smoke **B D V** cigarettes

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

CUT THIS OUT NOW

TOBACCO 11½d. per ounce with coupons

B.D.V. FREE VOUCHER

20 COUPONS

AVAILABLE ONLY FOR THE EXPANDING SUITCASE N477.

Only one voucher can be accepted towards any one gift.

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD., PROPRIETORS

G.25./5/8/33

CHANGE TO-DAY TO B. D. V. — AND GET THE GIFT YOU FANCY FREE!

63 B.16 Shakspre

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free, Inland and Canada, 13s. per annum; all other parts of the world 15s. 2d. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookshops at 73, Marche-aux-Herbes, Brussells, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dawson, 13, Rue Albour, Paris.

A35